

The Western Witness.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

VOL. VI.—No. 19

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 7, 1892.

PRICE, 5 CENTS

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Proposed Church to Rival St. Peter's of Rome.

A MEMENTO OF MANNING.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

The contract for a new hospital at Yakima, Wash., has been let and work on the same will begin at once. The Sisters of Charity of the house of Province will have charge of the institution when it shall be completed.

Right Rev. Dr. Gaughran, Bishop of Kimberley, has just opened St. Leo's College, the first Catholic College in the Orange Free State. St. Leo's is a massive stone building, and it has about 2000 acres of land attached to it.

It is stated on good authority that Cardinal Moran, of Australia will visit America on the occasion of the World's Fair at Chicago. There will be a conference of bishops in Chicago about the time at which Cardinal Moran will be present.

The Colored Catholics of Chicago will soon have a church of their own. Mrs. Anna O'Neil has set aside ten thousand dollars, which she will give to the negro priest, the Rev. Father Augustus Tolton, as soon as he shall have received an equal amount from other sources for the building.

Father Lambert, whose "Notes on Ingersoll" have had a circulation of over a thousand copies already, is a native of Pennsylvania and was born in 1835. His father was a Wexford man and came to America in 1811. His mother, until her conversion to the Catholic faith, was a Quaker and descended from the colonists who came out with William Penn.

Several wealthy ladies have lately given themselves to the religious life in Austria. The Princess Maria von Schwartzburg has begun her novitiate at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Reindenburg. The Countess Kalnoky and the Countess Margaret von Palfy are already novices in the same convent, where they will very shortly take their vows.

Negotiations between the Vatican and Great Britain for establishing a hierarchy in Egypt are progressing satisfactorily. The latest proposal of the Vatican is to appoint a metropolitan at Alexandria, and two other Bishops in districts not yet fixed upon. At the Vatican it is hoped that during the celebration of the Papal jubilee, Leo XIII. may be able to announce as an accomplished fact the conclusion of the arrangements.

The arrangements for the consecration of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn., have been nearly completed. The ceremonies will be held on Sunday, May 8th, the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph, in whose honor the cathedral is named. The consecrating bishop will be Bishop McMahon. Archbishop Williams of Boston will celebrate the pontifical high mass. Bishop Hennessey of Dubuque, Iowa, will preach the sermon, and Archbishop Corrigan of New York will officiate at vespers.

Advises from Nassau, N. P., say that on April 4th the Nassau schooner Rebecca, while on a missionary tour with Rev. Father Paul, O. S. B., of Minnesota, and Rev. Father Schreiner of Nassau, struck on some sunken reefs on Conception Island, and foundered within five minutes. The two priests and the crew of six men took to small boats, and finally reached an uninhabited

island where they remained twenty-seven hours before attracting attention of the crew of a passing sponge vessel, who sent a boat ashore and took the party off.

An interesting memento of the late Cardinal Manning—his cardinal hat—which he bequeathed to the pro-cathedral, Kensington, has now been placed in the position it is intended to occupy permanently. A silken cord has been fastened to the centre of the first arch on the left hand of the nave near the high altar, and from this the red hat depends, attached by the crown, so that it lies flat with its numerous tassels hanging below. Even with the utmost care the dust and smoke of the London atmosphere is sure to discolor this noteworthy relic before it is long in its present position.

A dispatch from Pittsburg says: A sensation was created in front of St. Mary's Cathedral Sunday night by Mary Cameron, a crazy woman assaulting Rev. Father O'Connell with a hatchet, but he warded off the blow and seized her by the arm. She fought like a tigress and tried her utmost to kill him. Father O'Connell drew a revolver, but assistance arrived and the woman was arrested. Many years ago Mrs. Cameron lost property through litigation, and a priest testified against her. The loss turned her brain and she has had an antipathy to priests ever since. She will be placed in an asylum.

The venerable Father John Chrysostom Kho, of St. Joseph's Church, Pekin, is now 85 years of age. He was born in 1807 and entered the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission in 1834. He is no longer able to say mass, but still insists upon following his rule with unvarying exactness. Rev. Joseph Yeon of Kieou-Tou is 73 years old and became a Lazarist in 1838. Reverend Julian Hou, is 62 years old, and made his vows in 1849. Rev. Lawrence Yuen is 63 years old, and became a Lazarist in 1847. Rev. Anthony Ouan and Rev. Benedict Kijag were both born in 1831 and made their vows in 1854.

Cardinal Parocchi, prefect of the residence of Bishops, has submitted to the Pope a proposition to erect a church at Monte Vanicule which shall be equal in size to St. Peter's, and that around the new edifice shall be grouped the ecclesiastical colleges of different countries, which are now situated in Rome. If the commission of Cardinals approves, the faithful throughout the world will be invited to subscribe to build the new church, and the priests will be directed to ask subscriptions from their parishioners in liberal amounts. It is estimated that the cost of the new structure will be about \$20,000,000, and it is calculated that the work will employ about 14,000 workmen for six years.

Bishop-elect Emard, the recently appointed Bishop of the new diocese of Valleyfield, Canada, has written to Rome and the authorities await an answer before naming the date of the consecration. He has asked to have the 8th of June fixed as the day, it being the anniversary of the death of Archbishop Bourget, of the elevation of Mgr. Fabre to the dignity of an Archbishop, of the erection of the first diocese taken from the diocese of Montreal (St. Hyacinthe), and also of the patron feast of Mgr. Emard himself. Special permission must be obtained from Rome, however, as the general rule is that the Bishops must be consecrated on a Sunday or on the feast of an apostle. It is rumored that a movement will be made to have the new diocese called St. Cecile de Salaberry, which was the former name of Valleyfield. To obtain this the name of the locality must first be changed by the civil authorities, as dioceses are always named after the city or town where the Bishop resides.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

Extracts From and Comments on the Pope's Pastoral Letter.

GOVERNMENT OPPRESSION.

The Attitude of the State is in Marked and Deliberate Hostility to the Church.

The situation in France as regards the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the State and the State towards the Church may be understood from a cable dispatch extract from the pastoral letter issued to their flocks by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Nimes, and read on Sunday last in all the Catholic Churches of that Province. Referring to the letter recently addressed by the Pope to the French clergy, the pastoral presents the case as follows:

"Some good Catholics were shocked to find His Holiness enjoining the faithful to accept the Republic. The attitude of the Holy See solely implied respect for and deference to the powers that be. The pope expressly declares that respect shall be observed only as long as required by the exigencies of the common weal. The duty of submission ceases when the right to command ceases. All that the Pope requires is that the people shall not become rebels and conspirators, prepared to engage in insurrection. It is the duty of Catholics to speak, write and act against laws that strike at the beliefs and interests of the faith. They will most effectively fulfill this duty by electing men who respect religion. In regard to education religion has been suppressed, and practical atheism has taken its place, destroying faith and morality."

There is nothing here which is not entirely consistent with due loyalty and allegiance to the State. The State, the Bishops say, is to be obeyed in all cases where it has the right to command. This is a perfectly proper limitation. Nobody will contend that the State in any country has by right unrestricted authority to command in all things. There is a limit to every earthly authority, beyond which it may not go with any just title to command obedience. The French Bishops point out what that limit is. They say that when the authority of the State comes to strike at the beliefs and interests of the faith—that is, at the right of freedom to worship God, freedom to preach, to defend and to uphold the religion of Christ—then the limit of the State's rightful authority has been exceeded, and the moment has come for the exercise of the citizen's right of refusal to obey.

But the French prelates, so solicitous are they for public peace and order, do not suggest, much less counsel anything in the direction of rebellion, even under provocation of the most unrighteous and unjustifiable action on the part of the State. On the contrary, they are careful to emphasize the admonition of the Holy Father that the people shall not become rebels and conspirators, prepared to engage in insurrection. What the French Bishops do advise and urge is opposition by constitutional means to bad laws and bad government. They exhort the people to speak, write and act against such laws and such government, but they point out that the sort of action they mean is action at the ballot-box. They point out that the duty they counsel will be most effectively fulfilled by electing men who respect religion.

This is the attitude of the Church towards the State in France—an at-

titude of entire acceptance of and loyalty to the republican government, but a determination to defend and secure the rights of religion by methods within the lines of the constitution—by methods which the citizens of the United States, and of every civilized country in the world which has representative institutions, are free to employ for the same ends.

That the French Catholic clergy have much good reason for strenuous opposition to the present policy of the French Government every justice loving person will admit who knows of the insult and persecution to which the Church in France is daily subjected through the representatives and agents of the State.

The attitude of the State in France is an attitude of marked and deliberate direct hostility to the Church. Proof has already been given and much more could be given, but one example recently to hand will here suffice. We refer to the disgraceful disturbance in the cathedral of Nancy, on Monday, April 4th. That was a holiday for the workmen, and the Bishop of Nancy had announced that he would deliver a discourse in the cathedral on the social question in connection with the Pope's recent Encyclical on Labor. When he commenced his discourse he was assailed by loud and angry shouts from a number of "free-thinkers" who had come for that purpose. The result was a shameful scene of uproar and violence, during which missiles were hurled at the Bishop and much of the cathedral furniture destroyed. One would expect that the perpetrators of this outrage would be speedily taken in hand by the police authorities and adequately punished, but nothing of the kind was done. On the contrary it was the Bishop who was placed in the situation of culprit and threatened with the penalties of the law. Instructions were sent to the Prefect of Nancy to warn the Bishop that he must give up delivering lectures in the cathedral, and the intimation was added that should he refuse the cathedral would be closed.

Such is the attitude of the State towards the Church in France. Is it any wonder that the French Bishops should urge their people to speak, write and act in every lawful way against a policy and an administration under which outrages of the kind are not merely tolerated but encouraged?—Freeman's Journal.

IRISH NOTES.

Bishop Sheehan of Waterford and Lismore, has appointed the Rev. Robert Power Pastor of Cahir, in succession to the Rev. P. J. Sheehan, who died in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day.

The house of Sir Walter Raleigh, in Youghal, is for sale. It was owned by Sir John Pope Hennessey, whose executrix has ordered its disposal. It is a fine old building, and is one of the historic treasures of the south-east of Ireland.

The Catholics of Omagh are soon to begin the erection of a new church, and the plans of Mr. Heague, a Dublin architect, have been accepted. Among the generous foreign benefactors to the building fund is Mrs. D. Toy of Boston.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland met at Clonliffe recently to consider the new Irish Educational Bill. A resolution was adopted stating that whilst their Lordships feel themselves unable to express approval of those provisions of the Education Bill which apply to Ireland, the principle of direct compulsion, they would highly approve of the enactment of any reasonable measure of indirect compulsion. The Bishops renew their protest against the continued refusal of the authorities of the Educational Department to give effect to the recommendation of the Powis Commission in the matter of religious freedom in unmixed schools.

MONKISH IGNORANCE.

Testimony of Ages to the Ignorance of the Monks.

THE BENEFITS OF SCIENCE.

The Church, far from being Opposed to Progress of Human Arts, Etc., Assists and Encourages Them.

The term "monkish ignorance," found in Blackstone, is repeated in all the religious works of Protestantism, also in historical novels, novelettes, sketches of travels, besides the heavier and more labored works of history. It figures in red and blue and gold in the libraries of Young Men's Christian Associations, Evangelical Alliances, Protestant Unions etc. The Protestant ministers keep up stale prejudices, in which malice and ignorance are equal factors. It is evident that their knowledge of the monks was gleaned from the early teaching of their Protestant nurses.

Some time ago a learned and eloquent minister, in his sensational Sunday sermon, said: "The friars had grown lazy, selfish and fleehy. The vow of poverty had bred religious beggary, and pauperism is no more respectable under the surplice than under the ragged sack of a professional tramp."

Now let us investigate the "monkish ignorance and laziness." In the first place Mallet tells us: "The monks softened by their instruction the ferocious manners of the people and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war and grievous oppression of their neighbors, and on this account the government of monks was preferred. It was a usual saying that it was better to be governed by the Bishop's crozier than by the monarch's sceptre."

There were schools of learning and education for every convent had one person or more appointed for the purpose, and all the neighbors that desired it might have their children taught grammar and church music without expense."

Drake says: "The monks of Cassius, observes Wharton, were distinguished not only for their knowledge of the sciences, but their attention to polite learning and an acquaintance with the classics, followed with great spirit and emulation by some English monasteries."

Every monastery had a scriptorium set apart for copying. Libraries were early established. The Vatican Library flourished in the sixth century; it was famous even then. There were other libraries also in Rome at that time as we learn from Gregory, the Great. Sharon Turner speaks highly of the English monasteries. Even Victor Hugo, though an infidel, admits that the French monasteries sowed and nurtured the seeds of civilization in France. The learned Leibnitz says: "It is manifest that both books and letters have been preserved by the aid of monasteries." The great Edmund Burke says: "The monks during the middle ages rendered invaluable services to literature and civilization. Besides copying books and teaching the poor gratuitously in their schools, they instructed the people in agriculture, in the art of fishing and in various other useful occupations."

The quarterly Review (Dec. 1811) contains this: "A community of pious men devoted to literature and to the useful arts as well as to religion, seems, in these days like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. In these days the Church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed—amid continual wars the Church enjoyed peace. It afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their old age. The wise as well as the timid and gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms."

The Benedictine monks from the sixth century to the invention of printing, (1440) were continually transcribing books. The Goth, the Vandal, the Teneclast and Saracen conspired for the destruction of ancient learning and books, manuscripts, painting and sculpture were destroyed. It was the mission of the monks to preserve and to restore. They preserved the ancient culture from oblivion and multiplied the copies of the classics, and saved the elegance of antiquity to be used as standards in

our seats of learning to-day.

The Deformer of the sixteenth century railed especially against the monks, but a fact will always remain to weaken his testimony, viz., when frightened by the lightning that caused his companion's death, and desiring to save his soul, he entered a monastery. This shows that he had a high opinion of these institutions at one time and in his most serious moments. M. Guizot, in his history of European civilization says: "It is not true that in the sixteenth century abuses, properly so called, were more numerous, more crying, than they had been at other times. Teachers and reformers and providential men were at work in Luther's time to purify the church—Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits, monks and nuns."

All the nations of Western Europe and America were converted by monks. Thousands and thousands are still at work in China, Japan, India, Africa, Polynesia, Greece and Asiatic Turkey. The Franciscans carried Christianity to our Southern and California Indians, as well as to the South American races, before the Puritans landed in New England. They converted numerous tribes. Father Juan de Padillo began a mission among the Indians of New Mexico and fell a martyr to his zeal. He is the first martyr that the Church can claim on our soil. He fell in the very heart of the northern continent. Father Lopez and Brother Augustine and forty other Franciscan missionaries died as martyrs in the cause on our soil. The Jesuits carried Christianity to our northern Indian tribes. Father Claude Allouez alone baptized twenty nations. Father De Smet baptized a hundred thousand Indians during his long life among them. Jogues, Brebeuf, Lacombe, Garnier, Chalmel, Viel and twenty others died as martyrs in the cause. All history, all tradition, testify to the labor and devotion of the lazy monks. Only ignorance or malice would asperse them. A thousand years before the Reformation the monks were building with their unpaid labor, the structure of modern society on the foundation of a Christian civilization, and utilizing the learning and experience of the past.

We have now seen that the monks were not lazy, and perhaps they may be found not so ignorant as represented.

Roger Bacon, Dr. Mirabilis, 1284, an English monk of the Order of St. Francis, was so far in advance of his age that the erudite historian of "The Inductive Sciences," Dr. Whewell, declares that it is difficult to conceive how such a character could then exist." Speaking of one of the works of the works of the learned friar, "Apus Majus" he remarks: "I regard the existence of such a work as the 'Apus Majus' at that period as a problem that has never yet been solved." Continuing, he says: "It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance to find a writer of the 13th century not only recognizing experiment as one of the sources of knowledge, but urging its claims as something far more important than men had yet been aware of, exemplifying its value by striking and just examples, and speaking of its authority with a dignity of diction which sounds like a forerunner of the Baconian sentences uttered four hundred years later. Yet this is the character of what we find." He then quotes the following paragraph from the "Apus Majus" or the "Doctor Mirabilis": "Experimental science, the sole mistress of speculative sciences, has three great prerogatives among other parts of knowledge; first, she tests by experiment the noblest conclusions of all other sciences; next, she discovers, respecting the notions which other sciences deal with, magnificent truths to which those sciences of themselves can by no means attain; her third dignity is that she, by her own power, and without respect of other sciences, investigates the secrets of nature." Roger Bacon constructed a telescope and made corrections in the Julian calendar, afterwards perfected by Father Clavius, a Jesuit.

In 1245 Father John de Piano Carpino, accompanied by some Franciscan monks, was sent by Innocent IV. to Kayuk Khan, the Emperor of Tartary, and journeyed as far as Thibet. In 1253 Father William Rubrugnis, another Franciscan, went, by the order of Louis IX of France, in search of Presbyter John and penetrated farther into Asia than had any other European. These two apostolic friars, together with Ascelin, also a missionary, are, according to the testimony of Malte-Brun, as deserving of the eternal gratitude of geographers as are the Columbuses and books of a later age. They stimulated others to explore unknown land, and thus contributed greatly to the advancement of geographical knowledge. Sir

John Mandeville, the celebrated English traveller of the 13th century, Vasco de Gama and even Christopher Columbus were indebted to them for much information in their journeys and voyages of exploration.

Thomas a Celano (1280) has written the grandest literary monument for the dead that came down to us from the Middle Ages—the "Diesirae" and to Friar Jacopone da Todi (1302) the world is indebted for the grand song "Stabat Mater" (vide Herchenrother vol. II., page 573 n. 379.)

Fathers Hennepin and Membre, two Franciscans, explored the great chain of lakes from Ontario to Superior, and the lands and tribes adjacent, and were the first to journey from the source to the mouth of the Father of Rivers. Hennepin was one of the first to note our beds of coal. He gave the first published description of Niagara Falls, the wonder of the Western World.

Only a few years ago the attention of the scientific world was called to a terrestrial globe in Lyons, France, that long before had been constructed by the Franciscan Fathers, which showed many geographical features whose discovery has been credited to modern explorers.

The first work on algebra was published in Venice (1494) by a Franciscan Friar, Lucas Paccioli de Borgo. He went as far as equations of the second degree and foresaw the application of algebra to geometry. His work served as the basis of all the works on algebra written during the succeeding century. Paccioli's work was developed by Gregory Reisch, prior of the Carthusian monastery at Freiberg.

Father Mercenne of the Order of Minims and the intimate friend of Descartes, was the inventor of the cycloid. He also made many discoveries in acoustics and made many experiments in mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics and hydrodynamics.

Lesneur and Jargnier, Franciscans, did much for the development of all the branches of mathematical science.

The first to use a convex lens in the telescope was Schyrl de Rheita, a Capuchin. Berthold Schwartz of Cologne, a Franciscan Friar, is the discoverer of gunpowder.

Another monk who was in some respect the most remarkable man of his time and who was certainly the first chemist of his age, was Raymond Lull, a Spanish Franciscan. He was the first to prepare carbonate of potash, essential oils and to rectify spirits of wine. He likewise introduced an improved method for the cupellation of silver and the preparation of mercury.

As in geography so in botany a great deal of our knowledge is due to Catholic Missionaries, especially those of the Order of Minims, viz. Father C. Plumier by order of Louis XIV. of France, visited America and the West India Islands in the interests of botany. An idea of the magnitude of his work may be inferred from the fact that he designed over 6000 figures of American plants and that a part of his manuscripts preserved in the Museum of Paris makes twenty-two volumes in folio. Father Louis Fenillee of the same order and about the same time published his history of the medicinal plants of Peru and Chili.

The world is indebted to Alexander de Spina, a Franciscan monk of the 13th century for the invention of spectacles.

The first who made known the existence of petroleum, or coal oil in North America was the Franciscan Father Joseph de Roche d'Allion who was at Niagara Falls in 1629.

It was a priest, Virgilius, who first declared the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. Albert the Great discovered zinc and arsenic. Richard Warrington, Abbot of Albons, made the first astronomical clock. The monk Galbert who afterward became Pope Sylvester II., made the first watch, constructed a dial for the great clock of Magdeburg, invented a steam machine and introduced into Europe the system of decimal notation, which John Lamascene himself taught.

In the revival of philosophical studies St. Anselm leads the way. Then we have Peter Lombard, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure, Don Scotus, Alexander Halensis, Albertus Magnus, who wrote 500 books, and a whole galaxy of glorious names. Cousin has written that the grandest literary monuments of the triumph of the human mind that have come down to us from the Middle Ages are the "Summa Theologica" and the "Contra Gentes" of St. Thomas of Aquin.

Dom Ponce, a Benedictine of Spain, first made known those principles for the instruction of deaf mutes, which the Abbes de Eppee and Lécarré at a later date brought to such perfection. P. Lava, a Jesuit, invented a system for the instruction of the blind.

The Venerable Bede invented a deaf and dumb alphabet and made the present form of the calendar. Guy, a monk of Arezzo, invented the gamut or musical scale. Boethius, a priest, invented pipe organs, artesian wells, the application of hydraulic power and the first terrestrial sphere.

A Pope instituted the Gregorian calendar. A Pope instituted the Gregorian chant.

Copernicus, a monk, promulgated the theory, now accepted of our solar system. Father Kirchner, a Jesuit, invented the

magic lantern and magnifying glass. The Cure Campagni taught the art of cutting precious stones. Jean Duteon, a religious, introduced algebraic signs. The Abbe Lacaille made the first direct measurement of the lunar parallax. The Deacon Nollet, in France, two years before Franklin, explained the existence of storms by the presence of electricity in the air. Fossil chronology owes its study to the Abbe Giraud Soulaive. Mgr. Rendu first spoke of the movement of glaciers. The illustrious Father Secchi first proclaimed the laws of the unity of physical forces. The monks were also the pioneers in scientific and useful discoveries in America.

O. S. F.

LOVE FOR ST. JOSEPH.

One of the Greatest Aids in the Christian Life.

The edifying and helpful devotion to the saintly protector of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child has for centuries been dear to the Spanish nation. St. Teresa was an enthusiastic and able advocate of this devotion. The works of that celebrated reformer of the Carmelite Order teach that profound love towards St. Joseph is one of the greatest aids in the Christian life, and of wondrous value at the time of death. Those devoted to the Saint, she tells us, will find death sweet, tranquil and Christian; one who commends himself to so helpful an intercessor and so strong an advocate will not fail to obtain the Divine protection. That this sentiment has been widely spread among Spaniards is seen by the writings of poets, the pictures of artists, by edifices erected to the honor of the Saint, and by other manifestations which do but reflect the feelings of a nation. The Spanish bards Lope de Vega, Valdivieso, Verdagner and others have sung most sweet and tender melodies about the guardian of the Sacred Humanity; Murillo's figures of St. Joseph are beautiful in their conception and execution, full of spiritual suggestion, like an unuttered poem.

The number of churches dedicated to this patron is great, and scarcely one exists in which there is no altar set apart for him; in most towns brotherhoods, sisterhoods or guilds are found called after him; in hospitals there is always the sala de San Jose, in cemeteries the patio de San Jose, in seaports there is a quay, in fortifications a battery, in cities a quarter named after him; one of the most popular of names in a family is Pepe, or Pepa, which is the equivalent of Jose or Josefa; he is the patron of workmen and of art san clubs now becoming numerous in Spain; also of schools, for through his intercession, as is suggested, scholars obtain aid to overcome the duties of learning, while teachers are helped to instill religious ideas into their pupils' minds; he is the patron of priests. The Spanish author, Suarez, wrote: "The Apostles carried throughout the world the name, the grace, the doctrine of Christ; Joseph carried the very Person of Christ from Jerusalem to Egypt." As Joseph tenderly and reverently handled Jesus, so priests, with tenderest awe and delicate reverence, touch Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; he is the patron of religious orders, for no man practised better than he the virtues of charity, poverty and obedience. Olier said that contemplative souls have in St. Joseph a sublime model for imitation. St. Teresa observed that he was the great master of the interior life; and then Spaniards, as well as others, delight to regard him as the patron of husbands, wives and homes. The Abbe Orsini drew a charming sketch, full of poetic fancy as follows: At nightfall when the birds were seeking safe resting places amid the leafy branches of the trees, Mary used to place on the clean table, the workmanship of Joseph, barley loaves, savory dates, fruits, vegetables, and milk, which constituted the frugal meal of those descended from the Princes of Israel; this daily fare, simple nourishment, was the principal food of the ancient Hebrews, a royal race which knew how, in time of necessity, to exist by asceticism. Jesus, Marie, Jose is a frequent exclamation in Spain; Christ is their best beloved, Mary their refuge, Joseph one of the dearest and greatest of the Saints of God.

Genueflect.

How very painful it is to see some Catholics upon entering the church, trying to genuflect. If they could but see how ridiculous they appear in other's eyes, they would learn at once to do it properly and reverently. To genuflect is to bend the right knee to the floor. This is an acknowledgment on our part of our belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, of God's superiority and our dependence. To genuflect properly is an act pleasing to our Divine Lord; but it can hardly be termed aught but mockery to give that "indescribable bow" we see so frequently in our churches. Remembering it is Christ you salute, try to be as polite towards Him as you are towards His creatures. Be as anxious to please Him in your salutation as you are to please man. Genuflect properly and reverently.

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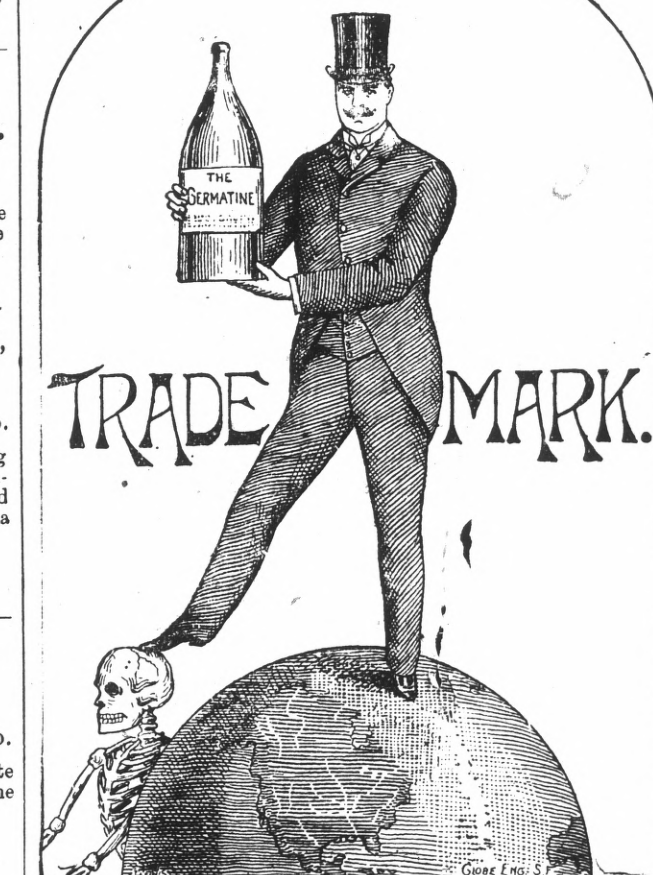
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An applicant must be of the Catholic faith, and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member good standing, his heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$500.

INSTITUTE No. 4 meets second and fourth Tuesday, of each month at Laurel Hall, 321 O'Farrell Street, near Grant Avenue. James J. Dugan, P. F. Fred V. Flynn, F. V. P.; William McGee, S. V. P.; J. H. Sullivan, R. S.; D. J. Ahern, F. S.; Peter A. Ryan, C. S.; John B. McIntyre, T. J. Callaghan, M. T.; L. Mahoney, W. T.; S. E. C. —H. J. Siedenber, Lewis M. Eamon, Jom. Murphy, M. Carr, J. N. McLaughlin.

INSTITUTE No. 55, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of every month at eight o'clock, at Concord Hall Alcazar building, S. Rudell, P. D. J. O'Callaghan, F. V. P.; J. S. McCormick, S. V. P.; Andrew Oliver, M. T.; E. Lettore, R. S.; A. Schmidt, C. S.; Robert Morrirey, F. S.; E. C. —Dr. Morris, D. F. Shea, John Kingwell, W. J. Carlin, James Mullen, S. D. McGovern.

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To become a member, a young lady must be of the Catholic faith and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, her heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$150.

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INSTITUTE No. 1, meets every Wednesday evening at K. R. B. Hall, O'Farrell & Mason Streets. S. Grote, P., 1636 Golden Gate Ave.; M. Dyer, L. S., 381 Shotwell; M. Degan, F. S., 12 Pfeiffer; K. Gleason, T., 5 Leonard Place; Dr. T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 2, meets every Friday evening at St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market Street. Mrs. G. Long, P., 14 Lewis; Miss N. Winter, R. S., 735 Harrison; Miss K. Murray, F. S., 1504 Leavenworth; Mrs. M. A. Davis, T., Tehama St.; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 3, meets every Monday evening at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy Street. M. Dowd, P., 29 Lafayette; L. O'Neill, L. S., 809 24th; M. Casack, F. S., 165 Perry; E. O'Brien, T., 26th and Alabama; T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 4, meets 1st, 3d and 4th Monday evening in Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission Street. E. Hanlon, P., 601 7th; M. Hettel, L. S., 427 Natoma; M. Connelly, F. S., 258 Cedar; Mrs. A. Thomas, T., 11 Hubbard; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 7, meets every Monday evening at St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market Street. F. O'Brien, P., 1135 Harrison; M. C'Neill, R. S., 1313 Devaladero; S. Hagerty, F. S., 129 8th; A. Durand, T., 1524 Stockton; Dr. T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 9, meets 1st and 3d Tuesday in Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission Street. M. Kelly, P., 42 Hoff Ave.; A. P. Daly, S., 2343 Mission; M. Conlin, F. S., 115 Henry; Mrs. P. Bonde, T., 2654 Folsom; Dr. Harbat, P., 1702 Folsom.

INSTITUTE No. 10, meets 1st and 3d Friday in St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market. A. Nyhan, P., 350 11th; E. O'Neill, R. S., 1214 Folsom; N. Gallagher, F. S., 850 Hayes; M. O'Brien, T., Vendome Hotel, S. F.; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 13, meets in Fraternal Hall, West Oakland, every Thursday evening. H. Heany, P., 1248 Cypress; M. Donnelly, R. S., 1810 Goss; E. Irving, F. S., 711 5th; S. Nolan, T., 1810 Goss; Dr. J. A. Maher, P., 12th and Peralta.

INSTITUTE No. 14, meets 1st and 3d Monday evening in K. R. B. Hall, O'Farrell & Mason. M. Redington, P., 2245 Linden Ave.; G. R. Mulcahy, R. S., 600 Filmore; C. Farrell, F. S., 2405 Clay; Mrs. J. Riding, T., 825 Larkin; Dr. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 16, meets every Monday evening in St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market. A. Travers, P., 709 Lombard; J. Mars, R. S., 765 Harrison; K. Jeffers, F. S., 1424 Pine; M. Travers, T., 709 Lombard; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 20, meets at Potrero Opera House every 2d and 4th Wednesday. Mrs. J. Kammitt, P., Illinois near Solano; M. Clarke, R. S., Sierra and Michigan; K. Gillick, F. S., Indiana and Sierra; Mrs. R. Doherty, T., 144 5th; Dr. T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 24, meets every Wednesday evening in Y. M. I. Hall, Oakland. Mrs. M. O'Connor, P., 718 E 14th; Mrs. L. Whelan, R. S., 612 E 12th; Mrs. J. Sheureux, F. S., 260 E 15th; Mrs. A. Kretz, T., 1215 20th Ave; Dr. E. Overend, P., 8th and Clay.

SAN FRANCISCO ALLIANCE No. 1 of St. Patrick's Alliance of California meets first and third Thursdays of every month at K. R. B. Hall, O'Farrell & Mason Streets. John T. Blake, P.; Thomas Shanahan, F. V. P.; J. F. McCarthy, S. V. P.; J. H. O'Connor, L. S.; G. W. Peterson, C. S.; F. P. Hunt, F. S.; Joseph McDavitt, A. F. S.; William Mulvin, T.; Trustees—J. O'Keefe, Matthias Connelly, James J. Devlin, James McNally and John Mello.

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Young Men's Institute.

Conducted by STEPHEN R. O'KEEFE. Address Communications to 325 Montgomery Street.

M. L. O'Dea of American Council No. 109 of East Oakland is one of the most active members of the Order in Alameda County.

Thomas Agnew of Carmel Council No. 127 is playing ball in the amateur league with St. Mary's College team. The St. Mary's boys are sure to beat out the big universities in the series.

The members of American Council No. 8 and Council No. 31 are making every effort to render their picnic to the Big Trees, Santa Cruz Mountains, the success of the season, financially and socially. The round trip tickets are only \$1.50, and this is the ideal season in which to make a trip through that country. The picnic is set for May 12th, so get ready to go.

E. V. Sullivan, John O'Donnell, Jere Looney, S. R. O'Keefe and J. J. O'Brien acted as ushers for the Y. L. I. entertainment at Metropolitan Temple last evening.

John T. Greany of Ignatian Council was elected Grand First Vice President of the N. S. G. W. at the recent Grand Parlor at Los Angeles. John T. is among the most popular of the Native Sons, and this popularity has been earned by his faithful attention to duty as an officer, and his ever genial disposition.

The Y. M. I. was very largely represented at the entertainment at Metropolitan Hall last evening. They could be seen everywhere, and twenty-five of them volunteered to act as ushers and receive and seat the people who came to the entertainment.

Brother Ransom of Ignatian Council No. 35, reports Institute news very scarce at the present time. This column agrees with the brother. The Y. M. I. in this city at present is very quiet and there is not much prospect of a boom for some time to come. After the Fresno Grand Council a change may be looked for and it will certainly be for the better.

Columbia Council No. 55 has out a very energetic and active picnic committee. Any person receiving an invitation to Columbia Council's picnic should go, for it will certainly be a most select affair. The members of Columbia Council are full of Institute spirit and will not be left behind in the race for laurels. Socially they aim to be at the top and it is but fair to say that they very nearly achieve their ambition.

San Francisco Council No. 7 will picnic at Shell Mound Park, Oakland, on May 30th, Decoration Day, and will entertain a very large crowd. No. 7 has a monopoly of Shell Mound Park for Decoration Day of each year, and in this thing they have shown a great deal of wisdom. Their picnics have always been successes socially and financially, and this year will be no exception to the rule. We will all be there.

American Council No. 8 of East Oakland held an open meeting on Monday evening, May 21. There was a very large crowd present and an elegant program was rendered.

Emmett P. Barrett of Pioneer Council has moved his office to 227 Montgomery Street. Emmett is one of the most popular members of the San Francisco Stock Board.

J. J. McLaughlin, of Carmel Council No. 127 of Oakland, has recently been quite ill. He has just recovered sufficiently to resume his occupation of book-keeper for the Mission Pottery Co.

P. Guerrin of Pioneer Council, who was recently severely injured at the Pacific Foundry has entirely recovered and is again pursuing his former avocation.

Nothing has been heard from the northern explorers, Smith and Stanley, but it is expected that they will return all safe and sound. They survived the warm hearted hospitality of the south and we hope they will not be overcome by the overwhelming volume of northern attention. We have some anxiety for their safety, however.

A delightful reception was given Monday evening of last week in Concordia Hall by the Spokane Council. Over one hundred couples danced to sweet music discoursed by the Auditorium orchestra, and although the crowd was too large for comfortable dancing, it didn't seem to dampen the spirits of the merry throng. Tasteful decorations of red, white and blue bunting hung around the hall, and over the stage were the letters "Y. M. I." in the national colors. The bounteously spread table had been artistically decorated by the young ladies, and the supper was an enjoyable one.

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

Who would not like to come into possession of a fortune, when old age creeps on; yet you can all have it by depositing our daily or weekly mite in the People's Home Savings' Bank.

Young Ladies' Institute.

CONDUCTED BY MISS J. T. MOLLOY.

No. 22 of Haywards recently gave a most enjoyable leap year party.

No. 1 elected its delegates to the Fifth Grand Institute on last Wednesday evening.

No. 2 will tender a reception to the members of the Fifth Grand Institute on Monday evening, June 27th, in St. George's Hall.

Sunday, June 26th has been selected as the general communion day and it is hoped that every member of the Order will place herself in preparation to receive holy communion on that day.

Miss Kate Doheny, a favorite member of No. 3, died on last Saturday and was buried from St. Francis Church on Monday. Her funeral was attended by nearly one hundred Institute members.

The Grand First Vice-President accompanied by the Grand Secretary visited No. 4 last Monday evening.

The benefit recently tendered to No. 7 in the Bijou Theatre was a grand success.

Mrs. M. A. Nagle of No. 17 is at present in this city.

D. D. G. P. Kitty Donovan visited No. 7 on last Monday evening and installed Mrs. W. F. Greany as President of that branch.

Many of the members of the Y. M. I. kindly volunteered to act as ushers at the entertainment given last evening in Metropolitan Hall.

At the last meeting of No. 2 two members were initiated.

Miss Mary Brown, Past President of No. 13, Vallejo, and Miss Carrie Gallagher, Grand Past President, visited the Grand Secretary's office last Wednesday.

Death assessment No. 8 is delinquent as is also the per capita tax for the fourth quarter.

The regular meeting of the Board of Grand Directors will be held this evening and much business of importance will be transacted.

The tickets on the diamond ring are being disposed of rapidly; many of the Institutes have sold all that they received and have sent for more.

Mr. Pidwell, secretary of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association, has kindly offered the use of one of the halls in Odd Fellows' Building in which to hold the Fifth Grand Institute.

The Western Witness kindly donated the programs which were used at the entertainment last evening.

At the last meeting of No. 20 seven applications for membership were read.

Many of the Institutes have suggested amendments to the constitution for consideration at the Fifth Grand Institute. The committee on laws and supervision will examine these amendments next week, and Institutes who have not as yet offered amendments may do so before May 15th.

As the Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary close their accounts on June 10th, it is necessary that all money due the Grand Institute must be paid before that time.

There will be about one hundred and fifty-five representatives at the Grand Institute.

Up to yesterday noon it was reported that nearly three thousand tickets had been sold for the entertainment last night at Metropolitan Hall, given by the San Francisco and Oakland Institutes. The stage was a veritable bower of beauty, being decked out with palms, ferns and streamers. The audience was a representative one, and showed their appreciation of the entertainment by frequent applause, and well merited encores.

The following is the program rendered: Piano solo, selected, Miss Marie Giorgiani; introductory remarks, Mrs. Dr. D. F. Ragan, Grand President Y. L. I.; selections, Stanford Trio, Messrs. Eugene Beaure, E. J. Angelo and Frank Belcher; musical selection, "Ethel Gavotte," Miss Marian Littlefield and A. Douglas; tenor solo, "Thou Art My Angel," (Zumpe) Julius Hansen; vocal solo, "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear," Miss Lottie Crawford; specialties, T. Tregalis; recitation, selected, Miss Maud Stover; organ selection, Prof. A. C. Eimer; soprano solo, selected, Madam Alice Waltz Grey; musical selections, El Turia Trio, Prof. J. W. Temple, F. Feich and A. P. Jacobs; Delsarte exercises (in two parts), first, Counter Point Movements in the Tableaux d'Art, Carro True Boardman; second, Eighteen Expressions in Physical Culture, by the Misses Farley, Maloney, Swas, Canty, Doolan, McInerney, M. Mercer and L. Mercer; piano solo, "March Tanhauser" (Wagner-List), Miss Clara Nolan; bass solo, "Bedouin Love Song," Prof. S. J. Sandy; Strathmore Quartette, Messrs. John F. Burns, Charles L. Marple, W. J. Moore and W. H. Hallett; vocal duet "I Feel Thy Angel Spirit," (by request) Madam Alice Waltz Grey and Prof. S. J. Sandy.

A large assortment of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry for the holidays at very reasonable prices, can be had at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St.

Subscribe for the WESTERN WITNESS. See grand premium list.

* E. I. A. S. *

C. L. A. S. No. 2 this city will give a "Chrononotolstron" at St. Charles' Hall on Monday evening May 23 1892.

The new headquarters have been visited very extensively during the week principally by members from the City Branches. The ladies express much satisfaction at the location and furnishing of their new home.

C. L. A. S. No. 8 the Cathedral Branch is making extensive preparations for an entertainment and dance to be held in Union Square Hall on May 17th.

The Board of Grand Directors held an interesting meeting on Monday, many visitors being present.

The Hotel Del Mar is fast approaching completion. It is hoped to have it ready very soon for summer visitors.

Mrs. M. Deane started on Thursday for San Jose. Before returning she will visit Santa Cruz and Los Angeles in the interest of the Society.

No. 21, Hollister has filed the following quarterly report: Total active membership, 29; honorary, 21; No. visits to the sick, 29; visits to the needy, 15; persons assisted, 10; families assisted, 4; expended in relief, \$15.20.

The headquarters has been supplied with literature including a large number of books the kind gift of Mrs. M. H. De Young.

C. L. A. S. No. 1 will hold a kettle-drum at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Lohse Oakland on the evening of May 21.

At the South San Francisco Opera House to-night the members of No. 18 will give a charity entertainment and ball. An excellent program has been prepared and good music secured for the terpsichorean aftermath.

An Entertaining Man.

MACON, Mo., April 10, '91.

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I read Mrs. Bailey's experience and am tempted to give my experience plating. I paid \$5 for one of the Queen Platers for plating gold, silver or nickel. I had no trouble to get all the knives, forks, spoons, castors and jewelry I could plate. The first week I made \$27 clear profit, the second, \$35 40 and am now averaging \$45 per week. I have advised a number of my friends to try this business, and they are doing well. The machine is complete and does the work rapidly. I can make as much selling platers as plating. Hoping my experience will benefit others, I am yours truly,

B. G. STOOKEY.

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The men of the Aleutian or Fox Islands wear dresses made of skins of birds, which look beautifully when the variegated feathers glisten in the sunshine. The women wear more homely covering of the ice bear, with the hairy side out. They decorate their robes with strips of leather covered with beads shells, or sea parrot's bills. The wing bones of the sea mew furnish them with needles, and seal's nerves are used for threads. Their workmanship is very curious and delicate.

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The Western Witness,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE CATHOLIC PUBLISHING SOCIETY

All communications must be in the office not later than Thursday noon to insure insertion. No communications will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's real name. Correspondents should be as brief as possible and write on one side of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return the MSS of unused articles.

Terms of Subscription for United States and Canada:

One Year	1.50
Six Months	.75

ADVERTISING RATES.
One Inch (Per Month) Single Column.....\$2.50
Special Rates for large advertisements.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLISHING SOCIETY,

(INCORPORATED)

300 PLEASANT

Address all Communications to

C. A. DOERING, Manager.

113 - 115 Hayes Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - - CALIFORNIA.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, - - - Editor

SATURDAY.....MAY 7, 1892.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Gospel, St. John xvi, 16-22: Joy after Sorrow.

8-Sunday-Apparition of St. Michael.

9-Monday-St. Gregory Nazianzen, B. and C.

10-Tuesday-St. Isidore, Ploughman.

11-Wednesday-St. Francis Jerome, Confessor.

12-Thursday-St. Pancras, Martyr.

13-Friday-St. John the Silent, Bishop.

14-Saturday-St. Boniface, M.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco for the month of

MAY, 1892.

8-Third Sunday after Easter-St. Francis de Sales, Oakland.

15-Fourth Sunday after Easter-St. Joseph's, Alameda; R. C. Orphan Asylum, S. S. F.

22-Fifth Sunday after Easter-St. Peter's, San Francisco; St. Peter's, Dixon.

29-Sunday in the Octave of Ascension-St. Raphael's, San Rafael; St. John's, Healdsburg.

ness. From these figures it is very apparent that one of the good resolutions of the new year with a large number of people ought to be a determination to be more careful and exact in the matter of mailing their letters. The numerous errors now committed cause endless confusion and trouble in the Postoffice, and are a sad reflection upon the business exactitude and intelligence of our people.

ROOM HERE.

It is no longer optional to go West. The movement has become a necessity to the Eastern farmer. He cannot stay at home and live in competition with the newer regions. There can be no question about the wholesale way in which New England is becoming depopulated. The figures of the local assessors show that miles upon miles of farms have been abandoned and that many more miles are for sale at a mere song. Many of the oldest homesteads on which have been raised some of the grandest men this country has produced, are for sale at half the cost of the improvements, with the land given away. "Wherever you find an old man," says a recent writer, "there you will find a farm for sale, and as nearly all the young men have gone or purpose going West, whole counties are for sale." Berkeley could hardly have realized at the time he said it how true it was to become that "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." Nothing is left to the New England farmer to do but to go West. He cannot compete in cereals with the Dakotas; in fruit and vegetables with Delaware and New Jersey; in cattle with men whose herds run summer and winter on the free ranches of the Government's; in wool with the unhusked flocks of Texas, New Mexico and California; in dressed beef with Armour's syndicate. What then can he do? Thank God he can come to California and find cause to marvel that he so long stopped at home. His industry, probity, intelligence, good sense and handiness are needed here as nowhere else in the country. There is enough of the mercurial temperament here already. A large admixture of New England solidity would be beneficial all around.

PERJURY IN COURTS.

THE weakness of our judicial system is its lack of machinery for detecting, punishing, and therefore preventing perjury. The amount of false swearing that daily takes place in our courts is something frightful to contemplate. It is not in criminal cases alone that it is resorted to. In civil suits, involving a mere trumped-up money consideration, it is even more common than in trials involving personal liberty. It is only necessary for the average litigant of the period to know that his success hangs upon some fine point of law and he is swift to swear and suborn others to swear to a false statement of facts concocted to exactly meet the legal difficulty he knows to exist. Men of otherwise good repute resort to this sort of thing with unblushing impudence. Judges say that trials in which there is not perjury on one side or the other, and perhaps on both, are exceedingly exceptional. Perjury is the meanest, wickedest and most serious in its evil consequences of all offenses. It may be said to be the sum and essence of all crimes. It is the worst kind of robbery, because it not only steal a man's property, but it also filches his good name. It murders reputation, and may send a man to the gallows. It renders the judiciary a menace and the laws a danger. It is to the highest interest of society that it should be detected and punished whenever perpetrated. Our judges are not doing

their duty in regard to this very grave matter. It is their right and their duty as committing magistrates whenever they have cause to believe that wilfully false testimony has been given before them.

If they were to exercise that right and perform that duty as often as the facts in their judgment would justify them, there would quickly follow a marvelous decrease of the volume of perjury that is now flooding our courts, defeating justice and debauching the public conscience. It would be well to so amend the codes as to render the prosecution of perjury simpler and its conviction more certain.

UNCLE SAM'S DEAL.

THERE is something very unseemly, not to say repugnant, to the avowed policy of this country, in the frequent sales of smuggled opium at the Custom House. The Chinese authorities, on high grounds that ought to commend themselves to the humanity and civilization of the people of the United States are utterly opposed to the trade of this noxious drug, and try to repress it by every means in their power. They have come to well understand its blighting effects upon their people. They see that it breeds indolence, demoralization, disease and death. Once the desire for it gets hold of a person, it becomes uncontrollable; a mental and physical wreck is the result, and annihilation were better than that. By the terms of our latest treaty with China, we have bound ourselves to discourage and repress the sale of opium among the Chinese to the utmost of our power. This, perhaps, does not bind us in express terms to destroy the large amount of opium attempted to be smuggled into this port for the purpose of being sold to the Chinese population in our midst, but its spirit, if not its letter, ought to be taken to have that meaning. The opium, when captured, becomes the property of Uncle Sam, and by no possibility can he have any motive for selling it except the ignoble one of personal gain. In the frightfully odious opium trade he becomes "particeps criminis." He becomes about the largest trader in opium in the United States. He hypocritically sells for gain that which he preaches to be a product of the devil, and which he prays may not be consumed by him or his. He is solicitous that his children may not be tempted by its presence among them. Yet whilst it is notorious that thousands of American children are yielding to the temptation, the drug is being sold wholesale through the Custom House. The smuggled opium costs the Government nothing, and no profit should enter the United States Treasury from such a source. Seized opium should be put out of the way of doing anybody harm. Until it is, this Government by the people, is a wholesale trader in opium.

AN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

The American republic is threatened with a grave danger. If reports be true it is to be exposed to the greatest peril that it has encountered since King George got tired of trying to spank his rebellious sons. It is to receive a visit from Emperor William of Germany, who, according to the cables, is to cross the ocean within a year or two. It may be treason to suggest any doubt of the stern Republican principles of America, but it is just as well to face the facts. All men are born free and equal in the Declaration of Independence, and one man is just as good as another, if not better, but, nevertheless, the free born citizens of this country are not at all free from traits that would be called snobbery if they were shown in a

monarchy. Everybody knows that we dearly love a lord, and that if we cannot get the lord we will take the lord's discharged valet if he will only try to pass himself off under his master's name. Many a good Italian barber has feasted royally at our republican expense by taking the title of a count and a surname of sufficient melody. Have not our millionaires bought dukes, princes and barons without number for their daughters, though the price has been of the very highest, and the quality of the purchase decidedly under grade? When we catch a real live lord with a pedigree, a certificate of genuineness, do we not trip over each other's heels in our desperate eagerness to do him honor? We have never yet had but two bona fide monarchs come to see us, and one of those was a little off color, so to speak. Even young men can remember the wave of reverence that followed the tour of Dom Pedro of Brazil, when he visited the country over a decade and a half ago, and the receptions to King Kalakaua were no mean affairs. When the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke Alexis came through the country how wild the sober republicans did get in their anxiety to pay homage. How the stern contempt of monarchy and its forms melted away at the smile of those who were within speaking distance of the throne. But what will it be if an Emperor "in esse" comes before us? We have groveled before the representatives of royalty. What will we do when royalty itself in its most powerful representatives comes before us? Will we meet him with calm dignity or seize upon him and be content with nothing less than annexing ourselves to his dominions?

PARISH NEWS.

WOODLAND.
Bishop Manogue of this diocese was the celebrant at the second mass in the Church of the Holy Rosary Sunday, says the Woodland Democrat, and upon its conclusion he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of seventy-nine, of whom thirty-eight were girls and forty-one were boys. It is seldom that an event of such solemnity and impressiveness has ever been witnessed in the church of Woodland, and there was not standing room for those who wished to participate in the services. The devout ceremonies were concluded by an eloquent, instructive and interesting sermon by the Bishop. He gave the children some most excellent and wholesome advice; explained to them the Sacrament of Confirmation and the nature of the obligations imposed upon them and in conclusion counseled them to lead such virtuous, upright Christian lives as will make of them ornaments to the church, useful members of society and an honor to the country.

The Bishop visited the convent this morning and the pupils celebrated the event with a musical and literary program of much merit. The Bishop made some very happy and felicitous remarks, in the course of which he attested his great love for this country. He contrasted the old and new world in a manner highly creditable and complimentary to the United States.

Bishop Manogue will probably remain in Woodland until the close of the week, during which time he will be the guest of Fathers Hynes and Walsh.

PINOLE.

A quiet double wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. Fernandez of Pinole on Tuesday of last week, it being the marriage of their daughters, Miss Anita Josephine to C. W. Sinclair and Miss Emilia Marguerite to W. K. Cole. Only the relatives and immediate friends of the contracting parties were present. Miss Mamie Fernandez and her brother acted as bridesmaid and best man for Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Winifred Kaseberg of Sacramento and Arthur Spear did the honors for Mr. and Mrs. Cole. The presents were many and beautiful, and a large number of telegrams were received from absent friends. After an elegant repast the wedding party came to San Francisco on the evening train. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair sailed for their future home in Seattle on Friday, and Mr. and Mrs. Cole will make a southern trip, and after returning will make their future residence in Martinez.

NORTH TEMESCAL.
The monthly distribution of testimonials to the pupils of the Sacred Heart School, conducted by the Brothers

of the Christian schools, took place on Monday, with the following results, the first figures denoting the average percent, and the second the standing in class:

First Class—William J. Hyde, 98-1, William J. Hannigan, 97-2, Hugh J. Leonard, 96-3, George A. Kenney, 93-4, John A. Mullanny, 88-5, William J. Cahill, 81-6, John A. Logue, 80-7, Joseph H. Weber, 98-1.

Second Class—Frank P. Gallagher, 90-1, Joseph G. Frates, 88-2, Lawrence V. Frates, 88-3, Arthur Z. Gay, 86-4, William J. McGovern, 84-5, Michael Curley, 83-6, Francis J. Enos, 83-6, Leland Price, 82-7, Joseph Cahill, 80-8, Jeremiah Crowley, 80-8, George Willis, 80-8, Charles Scanlan, 80-8. Philip Comerford, 85-1, Joseph Brophy, 84-2, Eddie Carter, 82-3, Walter Bohan, 81-4.

Third Class—Henry Davis, 91-1, Daniel Cleir, 84-2, Gussie Galindo, 81-4, William Sullivan, 80-5.

COLFAX, WASH.

Large crowds of people have been attracted nightly to the Catholic Church this week, says a late issue of the *Commoner*, to attend the mission given by Rev. William Lindner, one of the eloquent preachers of the Redemptorist order in Seattle. He is a man of splendid appearance, and is ranked among the ablest speakers of his faith in the state of Washington. The closing sermon was delivered last evening, and next Sunday he will begin a similar mission at Fort Sherman, Idaho. The membership of the Catholic body in Colfax has been materially increased by the services, and the zeal of the congregation has been augmented by the exhortations of the Redemptorist.

A strong movement is on foot to have the new Catholic church built on Main street south of Cooper lake bridge, instead of on the ground where the stone foundation was laid a year ago.

OAKLAND

The sacrament of confirmation was administered by Archbishop Riordan on Wednesday morning in the chapel of St. Mary's College, to 17 of the pupils of that establishment and 10 from St. Joseph's Academy. At the pontifical mass which preceded the ceremony the Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Father Cottle as celebrant, Rev. Father O'Neil of Novato as deacon, Rev. Father M. D. Connolly as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Sullivan of Alameda, as master of ceremonies. A banquet was afterward served in the college in honor of the young confirmants.

Saturday evening the Phoenix Baseball Club of St. Mary's College owned the town when they returned from their victory over the hitherto invincible team of the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto. The boys of St. Mary's College are as proficient in wielding the willow as they are in their studies.

GRASS VALLEY.

There was a joyous time at Mount St. Mary's Convent last Saturday evening. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Sister Mary Peter's entrance into the Order of Mercy was celebrated. She has been the longest in point of time in her sacred duties of all the Sisters of Mercy at Grass Valley. The children of St. Patrick's parish and especially those in the convent and all who are connected with the convent heaped upon the good Sister flowers and gifts of many kinds. There was music of instruments and the singing of joyous anthems and congratulations and thousands of good wishes for the future, and children, teachers and all joined in to testify to the esteem and love in which they hold Sister Mary Peter.

WATSONVILLE.

Preparations are being made for an addition to St. Vincent's Asylum in Pajaro Valley. The lumber has already been hauled upon the ground and work will be commenced in a very few days as soon as the plans are completed. The new building will face the main road and be in front of the other buildings, and will be the largest of any of the additions to the asylum. The interior will be ceiled instead of plastered, and everything that can be made use of to conduce to the comfort of the inmates will be used.

TOMALES.

On Easter Monday, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, P. Muhaney and Miss Mollie Genevieve Griffin were married by the Rev. Father Rogers. The groom is one of the most prosperous business men in Tomales. The bride is a daughter of the late John Griffin and a graduate of St. Catherine's Convent, Benicia. The bridemaid was Miss Annie Mohrman and the best man Jas. L. Griffin.

ST. PATRICK'S.

After preaching at the morning masses on Sunday last, Father Montgomery organized a Junior Branch of the League of the Cross, some 250 young men, including all the members of the Sodality of the Holy Names and those who made their first communion at the 8 o'clock mass taking the obligation of the League. The next meeting of the League will be held on the 17th instant, when officers will be elected.

A class of 205 children, of whom some 75 were boys, made their first communion at the 8 o'clock mass on Sunday.

The Sodality of the Holy Names which is under the spiritual directorship of Rev. Father Duffy, is increasing in membership. They attend Holy Communion in a body on the third Sunday of each month.

In addition to the above there is also a flourishing total abstinence society, known as St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Guild, which offers many inducements besides the fruits of temperance for men to join. For one dollar a month a member in good standing has the services of a physician if sick, seven dollars a week benefits, and at death is buried from the church with a solemn requiem high mass. The membership is growing, but there is room for many more.

ST. FRANCIS.

St. Francis Junior Branch held its third meeting in the hall of that church, corner Vallejo st. and Montgomery ave., Monday evening last. Fifteen new members were admitted. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Father Montgomery, after which the following program was rendered: Overture, "Clayton's Grand March," William McDevitt; recitation, William Savage; vocal solo, "In Old Madrid," John Buckley; selection, "Fisher Maiden," St. Francis' Orchestra; recitation, Martin Merle; quartette, "Silver Bells of Memory," Jno. J. Hillard, Andrew Fanning, Frank Everson, Thos. Hillard; violin solo, Willie Lippert, duet, "Mary Green," Robt. and Bernard Gleeson; quartette, "Comrades," Robt. Gleeson, Thos. Hillard, Frank Everson, Bernard Gleeson.

ST. BRIDGET'S.

St. Bridget's Junior Branch of the League of the Cross held an enthusiastic meeting in the pretty hall adjoining that church last Wednesday evening. Rev. Father Montgomery who was present delivered an address and administered the pledge of the society to twelve members each, promising to abstain totally from intoxicating drinks until reaching his twenty-first year. An excellent musical and literary program was then rendered, the recitation of Owen J. McMann, violin solo of John Malone, concert recitation of twelve members of the branch and specialties of Martin Bruton deserving special mention. This branch has arranged to meet in future on the first Wednesday of every month.

ST. BONIFACE.

On Monday evening, the 6th prox., the members of St. Anthony's Sodality will present the heroic drama in five acts, written by Father Augustinus Henssler, O. S. F., entitled "The Imprisoned Knight of Mount Broun," for the benefit of the building fund of the Church. It will be elaborately staged and handsomely costumed, and as the members of the Sodality are all prominent members of the German Catholic community, a large audience is sure to be present to witness their histrionic efforts.

Last Sunday, at 8 o'clock mass, the members of the Sodality attended holy communion in a body. They wore for the first time their handsome new regalia of blue and silver and made quite an imposing scene.

ST. JOSEPH'S.

In consequence of the celebration of the Forty Hours Devotion there will be no special observance of the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph at this church to-morrow. There will be a solemn high mass at half-past ten o'clock and a procession which will include all the members of the Sodality and societies connected with the church. The choir will be increased for the occasion and will render some choice music. The exercises on the other days will be the same as usual.

ST. IGNATIUS'.

There will be a solemn high mass at 10.30 to-morrow in honor of the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. Rev. Jos. Neri, S. J. will deliver the sermon.

Tomorrow is the regular monthly communion day for the members of the gentlemen's sodality.

NOTES.

A Junior Branch of the League of the Cross will be organized at the Cathedral to-morrow at three o'clock, and will conclude the labors of the Executive Committee among the city churches.

The fair in aid of St. Peter's Church will open on Tuesday night in Mangel's Hall, 24th and Folsom streets. A very large number of attractive articles have been secured and an entertainment has been arranged for every night during which the fair will be open.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term by the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Mary's Cathedral: President, Miss Frances Auld; Vice President, Miss Kate Mahoney; Secretary, Miss Louise Knorp; Treasurer, Miss Mary Devlin; Sacristan, Miss Ella Bryan; Organist, Miss Mary Stevens; Board of Consulsors, Misses Auld, Knorp, Kate O'Brien, Mary Tobin, Nellie Denon, Kate Quinn, Lillie Smith, Mamie Brady, Mary O'Brien Annie Fitzgerald.

His Grace Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class at St. Rose's Church, Santa Rosa, to-morrow.

The rainy season is at hand so be wise and have your roof prepared for it. Go to Ahlback & Kayer, 428 Hayes St. They do that kind of work.

DEATH OF REV. MOTHER XAVIER.

Ending of a Long Life Devoted to the Education of Children.

On last Sunday morning Mother Mary Xavier Daly of the Presentation Convent on Powell street, peacefully expired, after an illness of many months, born with edifying resignation.

The deceased sister was a member of one of the most respected families of the city of Cork, Ireland. Her education was commenced in France and completed by the Ursuline Nuns in Waterford. After she finished her studies and returned to her father's country seat in her native county and opened a free school for the children of his tenants and dependents. She was aided in her charitable purpose by her sister. They persevered in this work of instructing the poorer of the peasantry until other provision was made for their education.

In 1842 she entered the Presentation Convent in Middleton County, Cork, where she had ample opportunity to gratify her love for instructing the little ones, as the schools of that convent had a remarkably large attendance from the surrounding district.

In 1854, at the earnest solicitation of the late Rev. Hugh Gallagher, she, with other members of the Middleton community and the lamented Mother Mary Teresa Comerford of the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, came to San Francisco to found the first convent of their order on this continent. Of the five sisters who came on the mission all returned to their convents in Ireland except the intrepid Mother Mary Teresa and her faithful companion, Mother Mary Xavier Daly who resolved to face the difficulties and struggles of early times. Commencing their first school in a little shanty on Green street, they were soon enabled to remove into the stately building occupying the block on Powell street from Greenwich to Lombard. Shortly after six of their gifted pupils entered the novitiate and with their help the school flourished and prospered, so that in 1869 they were enabled to found the beautiful convent on the corner of Taylor and Ellis streets. Mother Mary Teresa becoming the Superior of the new convent, Mother Mary Xavier was elected to fill that office in the Powell street, which position she creditably held for twelve years, always distinguishing herself by her zeal for the welfare of the school.

The immediate cause of her death was a stroke of paralysis, which she received on Easter Sunday morning, and on that day the last sacraments were administered to her. She realized her dangerous state and made a holy preparation for the last moment, which came at 7:15 A. M. on the 1st of May, as a reward, all said, of her devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

From the time her death was made known her old pupils and their children flocked to the convent to get a parting look at their beloved teacher and instructor, bringing floral offerings of great beauty and variety. These tributes of gratitude and affection were placed around the coffin, which rested in the Nun's choir to the right of the sanctuary. A solemn requiem mass took place in the convent chapel on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. His Grace the Archbishop assisted and gave the final absolution. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. J. F. Harrington, Rev. Father Melvin, deacon; Rev. Father Corcoran, sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Kirby master of ceremonies. The responses and music of the requiem mass were rendered by a choir of former pupils of the convent.

The attendance during the mass was so great that there was not even standing room. When the coffin was carried from the choir the tears of the sisters testified to the deep affection they bore their venerated former superior and religious companion. The remains were interred in the plot of the Sisterhood at Holy Cross Cemetery.

The order of which she was a member was founded in the year 1765, by the illustrious and noble Nano Nagle, and is now spread to every quarter of the globe. In Ireland there are over 70 convents, 22 in the United States, 15 in New foundland, 10 in Australia, 2 in British India, 1 in England and a foundation is expected to go soon to South Africa.

Last September the Order celebrated the centenary of its approval by His Holiness Pius VI. On that occasion His Eminence Cardinal Moran sent a congratulatory letter to one of the convents of which the following is an extract:

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY, August 29, 1891.

MY DEAR REV. MOTHER:—I congratulate most cordially on the approaching centenary feast of the approval of your Presentation Order. Your sisters were the very first to enter the lists in defence of the Christian education of the poor children in modern times and during these hundred years what great and glorious results have they not achieved? I will be happy to assist in any way in my power to do honor to the memory of Nano Nagle, and if a petition be presented to the Holy See praying for the introduction of her cause of canonization, and that she be declared "Venerable," I will be happy to sign it. Wishing the Committee of the Presentation Order a most abundant share in the spiritual joys of the centenary feast, I remain yours very faithfully in Christ.

PATRICK F. CARDINAL MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney.

The order takes its name, not from the presentation of our Lord in the

Temple, as stated recently in one of the local dailies, but from the presentation of the Blessed Virgin by her parents, Saints Joachim and Anne, the titular feast of the convent being the 21st of November.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

Quarterly Conference and Report of Branches—A Good Showing.

At St. Teresa's Church at the Potrero last Sunday, representatives of the various conferences of St. Vincent de Paul's Society attended holy communion in a body at the 8 o'clock mass and in the afternoon assembled at the hall connected with the church. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan presided and Rev. Fathers Casey and O'Connell were also present. The following conferences handed in their quarterly reports:

St. Mary's—Receipts and balance, \$546 60; expenses, \$277 10; on hand, \$269 50.

St. Bridget's—Receipts and balance, \$203 75; expenses, \$174 25; on hand, \$29 50.

St. Peter's—Receipts and balance, \$287 00; expenses, \$88 00; on hand, \$199 00.

St. Teresa's—Receipts and balance, \$105 60; expenses, \$42 15; on hand, \$63 45.

St. Paul's—Receipts and balance, \$134 35; expenses, \$129 00; on hand, \$5 35.

St. Patrick's—Receipts and balance, \$467 45; expenses, \$206 25; on hand, \$261 20.

St. Joseph's—Receipts and balance, \$333 06; expenses, \$217 16; on hand, \$115 90.

St. Rose's—Receipts and balance, \$73 75; expenses, \$49 25; on hand, \$24 50.

St. Francis's—Receipts and balance, \$138 48; expenses, \$61 15; on hand, \$77 33.

Sacred Heart—Receipts and balance, \$252 15; expenses, \$114 45; on hand, \$137 70.

The Alms House Committee reported having made five visits and found the institution a credit to the city. The next committee charged with this duty will be Messrs. Kingston, Lovett and White, of St. Teresa's, in conjunction with John Shirley, who holds a special commission for one year.

The committee appointed to visit the pastors of national churches, such as the French, Spanish, and others, reported that it is not expedient as yet to establish conferences in them as each church will take care of the poor of their own nationality.

A meeting of all the members of St. Vincent de Paul's Society will take place on Friday evening, the 20th inst., in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral, for the purpose of taking steps towards incorporation. The next quarterly conference will be held at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael, on Sunday, July 24th.

Charitable Entertainments.

Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made for the concert in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, to be held at the Grand Opera House next Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. In consequence of the many recent improvements and additions made, there is a very heavy load of debt on the institution, and it is hoped that a material reduction will be made in this burden by the proceeds.

The entertainment will be under the charge of the following committee of arrangements: M. C. Hassett, Frank J. Muraskey, James P. Sweeney, Mrs. P. Donahue, Mrs. Camillio Martin, L. A. Flynn, Mrs. D. L. Pawlicki, Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson, Miss Agnes O'Kane, Joseph A. Donohoe and Daniel M. Sheerin. It will give under the patronage of the most noted Catholics, both ladies and gentlemen, of this city.

On Thursday night at the same place the drama of Richelieu will be presented by a well-known troupe of amateurs also in the sweet cause of charity, the proceeds being devoted to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum at San Rafael. It is now some time since this Orphan Asylum has made a public appeal, and as there are over six hundred orphans in the Asylum the demand for funds is pressing.

The cast will be as follows: Cardinal Richelieu, Richard M. Hotelling; Louis XIII, John J. Housman; De Mauprat, Frank L. Mathieu; De Baradas, Frank Muraskey; De Berling, Elisha Cook; Orleans, Henry Farmer; Huguet, J. F. Nickels; Joseph, E. V. Sullivan; Francois, Harvey Dana; Julie de Maupertuis, Alistair Shed Langstroth.

There are now seventy-five boys old enough to learn trades and it is enabled them to do so that Father McKinnon appeals to the public. There is hardly a doubt that the affair will be a success, as besides the worthiness of the object the performance will be a good one in every respect.

WHEN TRAVELING

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

MASTER O'NEILL WINS A BICYCLE.

A Chance for Others Yet to Secure Some Valuable Prizes.

Another prize-winner has been added to the already long list of those who by their energy have succeeded in securing the requisite number of subscribers to the WESTERN WITNESS to secure the premium they worked for. This time it is Master Thomas J. O'Neill whose success we have to chronicle, as on Saturday he completed the requisite list and rode home on a handsome bicycle.

Master O'Neill was not working long before he found the names coming in to him, and he kept on working after school hours mainly, or when opportunity afforded. The following brief sketch of the youth will be interesting to others who contemplate working for premiums: He was born in this city on June 25th, 1877, and is consequently not yet quite fifteen years, but is a very sturdy lad for his years. He is a pupil of Sacred Heart College, and is held in high esteem by his teachers. He has been the means of inducing a number of his schoolmates to work for premiums, and several of them wear watches and possess other premiums won by them.

Master O'Neill also won a gold watch from a daily paper just before commencing the canvass for the WITNESS, and says that while that was easy work, canvassing for the WITNESS was easier.

Master O'Neill is one of the altar boys of St. Dominic's Church, and a prominent member of the different juvenile societies and sodalities connected therewith. He is of an extremely devout disposition, and it is not improbable that, if he follows the bent of his inclinations, he will some day have the right to sign the letters "O. P." after his name.

A Monastery Destroyed.

A dispatch from Mount Angel, Marin county, Oregon, states that on Tuesday afternoon, the monastery, church, carpenter shop and flouring mill of the Benedictine Fathers at that place were destroyed by fire. The fire started in the kitchen of the monastery and is thought to be due to a defective flue. The students at the school did excellent work in saving the remainder of the buildings. The loss will probably reach \$40,000. It is partly insured.

The seminary and college at Mount Angel were opened in September, 1887, by a number of Benedictine monks under Father Adelhelm. They purchased a beautiful oval butte of 800 acres in the Willamette valley, forty miles south of this city, and all the fine farms in a circle of half a mile around it, and have planted orchards, vineyards, etc. The order intends to build a magnificent monastery on the summit of the butte. The buildings burned were cheap, temporary wooden structures of 118 feet frontage and three stories in height. There were over 200 students in the various departments of the seminary. The professors' library of 6000 volumes contained many rare and valuable books. In addition the fathers published a small weekly German paper called "St. Joseph's Leaf," which has quite a number of subscribers in this city and on the coast.

The fire will probably hasten the work of building the new structure which the fathers have had in contemplation for some time.

A Jesuit Hater.

The priest who edits the Northwest Chronicle is down on the Jesuits. At published that false dispatch to the effect that the Pope had censured the Civita Cattolica for its articles on the school question, but it did not print the correction of that dispatch that came next day. It took the side of the atheistic French government in expelling the Jesuit Father Forbes-Leitch, and said that the members of the Society were always and everywhere getting into antagonism with the State. It said last week: "There is no Jesuit whom the Michigan Catholic can enlist in its services capable of sitting in judgment upon our theological opinions," and it sneers at the editor of that paper as a man "having saw-dust instead of brains" because he chided it for doing injustice to the Jesuits. If this is the way which all Catholic papers would take if they were edited by priests, then it is better that all the most influential and prosperous of our journals are edited by laymen.—Catholic Columbian.

German Catholic Convention.

The German Catholics of the United States are asked to take part in the sixth convention under the auspices of the German American Priester Verein, to be held at Newark, N. J., Sept. 26, 27 and 28th. The circular letter, signed by W. Faerber, corresponding secretary, gives the following as among the subjects to be discussed: Who is the ruler of Rome? To whom do the schools belong? The hope of the future.

F. J. Kupier & Co's new drug store, corner Van Ness avenue and McAllister street, is now open.

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MALO'S PROPOSED LECTURE.

Suspicious Looking Credentials which Bear the Appearance of Fraud.

J. F. Malo, who succeeded in getting himself into notoriety and prison by attempting to defraud the proprietor of a Market street Catholic bookstore and representing himself as a Catholic priest, announces his intention to lecture to-night on his thirty-three years experience as a missioner. His lecture will be delivered in German and English and as he can speak neither grammatically, ought to be interesting. He now shows what he calls his "credentials."

During the past week a representative of the WITNESS was informed by a messenger from him that he had received this document. He was found in a sailor boarding house at the foot of Clay street and produced his "credentials."

They bear the date "25th of March, New York, 1892," and commence "Deordination of J. F. Malo," stating he was ordained by Rev. Archbishop Fourgat at "Ex lachapel" (Aix La Chapelle?) but no date is given. They are written in very bad English about the same as he uses in conversation, and relates his various adventures. They state he founded the "Peet street mission" in New York City, and much other of the same kind of rot. They are signed by "B. Montfort, Paris, the Rev. Superior of the Missionary Fathers," and in the lower left hand corner is a red seal having the words "His Grace Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York," with Papal court of arms in the center.

These "credentials" are fraudulent on the face of them, and the man's utterances and answers to questions concerning them are greatly at variance with the written statement. That Malo is a fraud is further borne out by a letter received in this office from Rev. C. M. Capilupi, S. J. of Albuquerque N. M., under date of April 28th, which says:

"In reply to your favor of 11th inst., inquiring about a certain Father Malo, I would say that we have no father of such name in our province." When Malo made his appearance here he claimed to belong to the Santa Fe province of the order. A certain German society paper of this city has taken up his cause and represents him as a much maligned man. The WITNESS unhesitatingly pronounces him a fraud.

OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

Mrs. M. Ellsworth left on Monday for a visit with her daughter in Fairbanks, A. T.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin intend leaving shortly for an extended eastern tour.

Mrs. Jas. Phelan and her daughter Miss Mollie have returned from a trip to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas have in contemplation a lengthy visit to European capitals.

In the last issue of the Volksfreund, George Schleyer, who has been identified with that paper for the past two years and a half as managing editor, announces his retirement. Under Mr. Schleyer's efficient direction the paper has grown in size, circulation and influence, and to-day is the equal of any German Catholic newspaper in the United States. Mr. Schleyer was before coming to the coast, connected with some of the largest German dailies in this country and brought to his aid a vast fund of newspaper lore and experience. His successor, Mr. Schaefer, has now assumed charge and will endeavor to sustain the high standard of literary excellence set by his predecessor.

K. W. Barry, who succeeded Lawrence Kehoe as manager of the Catholic Publication Society Company of New York, has sent in his resignation.

The Franciscan Fathers here received the sad news on Monday of the death of Very Rev. Mauritian Klostermann O. S. F. who died at Teutopolis Ill. on the 28th ult. Father Klostermann was well known here having made several visits to the coast. He was born in Lippborg, Westphalia, Germany, August 20 1820. He succeeded his father and grandfather as a teacher in the parochial school of his birthplace. At an early age he developed great musical talents and was appointed organist of the Cathedral of Muenster. At 24 he entered the Franciscan convent in Warendorf. In 1857 he came to America and founded the great diocesan college where he died, being the director of it for over 18 years. He was the second provincial of this, the Sacred Heart province and it was under his direction that the Franciscan Fathers took charge of the Indian Mission and German Catholics on the coast.

He was noted for his great piety and wrote many religious works.

Rev. Father O'Connell of St. Theresa's Church will leave for an eastern and European trip during the coming week. Rev. Father O'Mahoney formerly of Lockford will have charge of his congregation during his absence.

Something Worth Reading.

The Cosmopolitan begins its thirteenth volume May issue under the joint editorship of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Walker with a table of contents which will attract attention. James Russell Lowell, Frank R. Stockton, Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry James, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Hamlin Garland, John Hay, Sarah Orne Jewett, Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and W. D. Howells himself are among the contributors. The illustrations in this issue are by such well known artists as E. W. Kemble, Frederic Remington, F. S. Church, Walter Crane, William M. Chase, C. S. Reinhart, Dan Beard, George Wharton Edwards, Wilson de Meza, etc.

"When My Ship Comes Over the Sea" as sung by Denman Thompson's Quartette in "The Old Homestead" is the latest musical hit by the Popular Song Writer, Will L. Thompson. Price, seventy five cents. Published by Will L. Thompson & Co., 259 Wabash Ave. Chicago.

So great has been the demand for seats to witness the unrivalled production of Faust at the Grove St. Theatre, that the management has determined to present it for the second week. It is wonderful how this theatre is growing in popular favor. The stage mountings and settings are superb and each play is produced with a most careful attention to detail. In Faust Percy Hunting as Mephistopheles, and Darrell Vinton as Faust fill their parts admirably, while Miss Anita Fallon makes a most bewitching Marguerite. The scene in the Brocken would make the hardest sinner to thoughts of repentance and the apotheosis where Marguerite clings to the cross is a beautiful piece of scenic art. The popular prices of admission fill the house at every performance. Matinee to-day at 2 o'clock.

The May number of The Rosary, just to hand is replete with its usual amount of timely and interesting reading matter. "Our Lady of the Rosary," a sonnet by Aubrey de Vere, faces the frontispiece, a beautiful photograph of "Our Lady of the Veil," Katherine E. Conway continued the article on "The Blessed Among Women," Marcella A. Fitzgerald has a short poem entitled "The Ascension," in her usual happy vein; "Cardinal Manning" is the title of a poem by Henry Austin; the continuation of Maurice Francis Egan's story, "A Marriage of Reason," "Life of St. Dominic," and other articles make very enjoyable matter for study and reflection.

A choice assortment of rosaries, prayer books and pictures suitable for presents for children making their first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes st.



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THE STORY OF DORIS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

III.

Franklin was going to South America with a party who were to survey the route of a new railroad. The scheme promised finely; the salary was good. There was no attempt at concealing that the task would be arduous, and even dangerous. It was the sort of thing to fire a young man's imagination. It would establish his reputation in his profession.

He told her all this. She listened, feeling that three years of separation balanced it all. Then a horrible thought arose—South America was a land of volcanoes and earthquakes, wild beasts and desperadoes.

"You may die there!" she gasped. "You may be killed!"

"I may, and a brick may drop on my head from an old chimney, or lightning strike me; or I may be stricken with typhoid fever before I go," he said. "Doesn't the minister tell us every Sunday that in the midst of life we are in death?"

He felt it hard that his grandmother and Doris should both insist on being miserable when he needed to be cheered himself, and there was no longer any thought in his mind of declining the appointment and asking the storekeeper to take him as clerk. He hated to leave home, but the spirit of adventure which smolders in the heart of every youth who is worth anything had blazed up at last, and he looked forward with delight.

So at last he caught Doris in his arms, kissed her twenty times, said, "Don't forget me, darling," and ran away.

And shortly a pale, tearstained little face, so startled even Uncle Matthias, who had a dread of sick women and doctor's bills, that he gave Doris a half holiday.

She spent it watching the railway depot, her face hidden by a blue veil, and so saw Franklin's final parting with his grandmother.

"Remember, always put on thy woolen socks if it rains, Franklin," the old lady called shrilly from the platform after the train had started, "boys are so careless." And the young civil engineer periled his neck to answer, "All right, grandmother."

And nobody laughed but one idiot. Oh, the uneventful, lonely days. Oh, the weary waiting.

Old Mrs. Fairfax had her servant, a girl from the orphan's home, and sometimes invited tea company, but old Matthias had driven everybody from his house by his queer ways, and it was only now and then that Doris managed to see Miss Chandler, and when at last a certain erudite professor, who had been paying cautious "attentions" for five years, really offered himself and led that amiable lady to the matrimonial altar and afterward to New York, Doris had nobody whatever.

Oh, if the stately old Quakeress on the other side of the fence would have nodded and smiled as she went by, would now and then have talked to her. But the camelike profile in the borderless cap was always presented to her, and no consciousness of the presence of "Matthias Morton's folks" was visible in the blue eye that so resembled Franklin's.

The old lady had a comfortable income, the interest of money in the bank, and her house. She had been very liberal to Franklin, and had spent a good deal on him while he was at school and college. He had left her very well off for a lone woman. But it is that which we least expect that oftenest happens. The Courtland bank was supposed to be as substantial as the Pyramids until the day it closed its doors. Then the people found that it had been as hollow as a last year's chestnut for a long while.

Among the depositors was Grandma Fairfax. She had lost everything.

Matthias Morton chuckled over his superior wisdom in having nothing in the bank to lose.

"Widder Fairfax thinks she knows all creation," he said. "I could have told her a thing or two."

"Then you should, uncle," Doris said. "Mebbe I might of she'd done the correct thing about them pigs," Matthias said.

As for the Quakeress, her placid face showed no disturbance.



"I will not eat the bread of dependence," she said, retaining the house and front garden, and put the three thousand dollars she thus gained into the closet with her silver.

"I do not deem it advisable to trust banks," she said. "The cash in hand will last me until the return of my grandson."

Then the village prophets prophesied evil, sitting on the barrels of the village store; and Matthias Morton spoke of Mrs. Fairfax as a willful woman who would live to repent her folly. And one

morning, behold it was all proven true!

Mrs. Fairfax was found bound to her old fashioned, high post bedstead, the orphan locked into her garret with a pillow case over her head and her hands tied behind her; money and silver and all the small valuables in the house gone.

"It was the tramp to whom I gave supper yesterday," said Mrs. Fairfax, when they released her. "It did not seem right that an unfortunate fellow creature should need food while I had plenty. I told him to sit at the kitchen table and eat decently. He must have gone up the back stairs and hidden in the garret until nightfall."

The men of the neighborhood scoured the country for the tramp, but he had escaped and was never found.

Misfortune followed misfortune. A week later the young servant in lighting a fire hastened it by applying the spout of a kerosene can. She escaped with a few burns, but Grandma Fairfax sat upon a log on the farther side of the road and watched the home to which she had been brought a bride burn to ashes.

Every now and then she breathed a quiet sigh. She had caught from the wall of her bedroom a black silhouette of her late husband, which she folded in her handkerchief and held tightly. Every one was beseeching her to come to them; invitations were plenty, but she continually answered:

"I am obliged to thee, friend, but in times when we had overmuch company, Thomas and I have taken a hammock in the barn and I shall try it once more. I shall no doubt be comfortable there until my grandson Franklin returns."

And so the few odd things that were saved—a chair or two, a table, a little charcoal stove—were arranged in the barn, an excellent one, it is true, and people at last ceased to come and beg the old lady to go home with them. The warmest neighbors must chill at last before such cold decision, and people have the right to live in their own barn if they prefer that place of residence.

Doris, however, was nearly beside herself with grief over the matter. She braved the oneness in her den with a bowl of soup in her hand, and begged to be allowed to be of use. But the classic profile only was presented to her, the bowl of soup was declined. The old lady looked at the rafters instead of into the great, brown, velvet eyes of Doris, and replied to everything, "Thank thee; I have no occasion."

Doris used to sit at the window nearly all night watching the barn. She did not know where to address Franklin, for but one letter had yet come from him, and that bade her wait until she heard next. Another came which said the same thing, then silence, strange, tear-breeding silence.

At last news! News came too terrible to believe! Franklin Fairfax had disappeared!

They were approaching a certain place in South America at which letters could be posted, and in his impatience the young man had left the larger party and ridden on before them. When they reached the town he was not there. They had not seen him since. But his hat had been found, also the packet of letters he intended to mail. All his interests were bound up in rejoining his party. That he did not do so or send some message proved they thought that he was dead. They waited hard for many days, scouring the country. There were precipices over which the horse might have fallen. Ravines, impetuous waters that could have swept both horse and rider away. There were people who would murder for a handful of coin to be met on every road. He had given up all hope of finding even his dead body at last.

When this news came, Doris, sick with anguish as she was, found her way to the barn.

"Oh, let me come to you now," she pleaded. "Now you must need some one!" But a white hand was lifted to ward her away.

"The Lord hath afflicted me," said Hannah Fairfax. "He will console. I have no occasion for the company of friends."

Doris went home and flung herself upon the floor of her room.

When Uncle Matthias came to her, inquiring as to dinner, she lifted piteous eyes to him and moaned:

"I cannot think, cannot do anything. I hope I am dying."

After awhile, finding that his niece lay still and would not answer him, he sent for the doctor.

One day, some weeks after, Doris was able to sit up, to put on a dress and her slippers and creep to the window. Peeping through the panes she saw that snow was on the ground, and through the bare branches espied a crowd gathered about the barn where the Widow Fairfax had taken her abode when her house was burned down.

"What is the matter, Uncle Matthias?" she asked.

"Old Mrs. Fairfax seems to be starving herself to death," he said; "and they've been tryin' to take her to the poorhouse for three days. She's resistin' the authorities persistent. Folks is kinder worked up."

"Doris, what are you doin! You'll ketch your death."

For Doris, throwing over her head a shawl that lay near her, had opened the door and walked out into the snow. Excitement lent her strength. She was at the door of the barn in a few moments.

The old woman stood at the door, erect as a soldier on duty. "Friends, I request thy departure," she was saying. "The place is mine; I prefer it to any other habitation."

"You are starving to death in there," said one of the men.

"You won't accept invitations made in kindness. You've got nobody to care for you. It would be criminal of us to see this go on."

"I will not eat the bread of dependence, nor will I become a pauper," said Mrs. Fairfax. "Thee will please leave in kindness. You've got nobody to care for you. It would be criminal of us to see this go on."

"I was the betrothed wife of

Franklin Fairfax," she said. "I will care for his grandmother. It is my right and my duty. I am young. I can work. She is not an object of charity. She cannot be while I live."

And then she drew the old woman into the barn and shut the door in the faces of the others, and knelt down at her feet.

"Let me stay," she said, "we loved him. I would have been his wife. See, I wear his wedding ring. You might have been angry once, you will not be now; his memory will bind us together. Let me stay here for Frank's sake."

A moment more and the two women were sobbing in each other's arms.

A little later there was an interview with Uncle Matthias. "I ain't a-goin' to keep her, Doris," he said.

"She would not let you keep her," the girl replied.

"If you stay out of my house one night you never need come in no more," Uncle Matthias declared. "I kin hire Black Jim to do the chores, what I can't take and do myself, for next to nothin. A mean sly critter you've been anyway, to be engaged to Franklin Fairfax without tellin me. I dunno as I want such a female round. You kin have your trunk, that is all you kin have."

"I'll pack it now," Doris said. "And Jim can bring it over." And this was done.

Doris had a few dollars in her trunk. She had once won a prize for the finest artemesias at the state fair, and the prize was paid in hard cash. She had kept it for her wedding outfit. But now there would be no wedding, and it kept the wolf from the barn door while she was getting her strength.

What she was to do afterward? she tried to think. At the worst she could go out by the day to wash or house-clean, she supposed. Meanwhile there was no squalor in the barn. It was an odd place to live in, but very neat.

IV.

One day Doris walked down into the village to buy some little household necessity, and passing the orphanage saw a portly gentleman emerge from the gates, whom she recognized at once. It was Mr. Goldmark.

"Ah!" he cried, waving his hat and came in salutation. "Ah! My charming genius again—bless me! my charming genius. Can it be possible! And never came to me for a part—never!"

"Did you really mean it, Mr. Goldmark?" cried Doris. "You were not laughing at me?"

"Certainly not—certainly not," said Mr. Goldmark. "I cannot know genius when I see it—when I see it."

"Then give me a part now," said Doris. "I need it. I must earn my bread, and bread for another as well."

Mr. Goldmark was startled. He had not expected this sort of thing. His manner had altered when he spoke again.

"I am forming a company," he said, "and there is a little part you could have if you can manage it. With rehearsal I think you can. In the first scene you have four words. To the last, ten. Wait a bit—your scream in the second act and seem about to faint." He gave her a card. "Run down to New York tomorrow and be there at eleven—or before—and we'll see. If you weren't such a very pretty girl I could think of it; but that makes all the difference on the stage—all the difference."

How long was the night in coming. How sadly she attired herself and went upon the stage when her call came. Her first lines were uttered. "Bless me, nobody here," with very little spirit. When a voice from the audience fell clearly upon her. "Yes, daughter, thee did not look in the right direction. I am here, and Franklin also." And there in an orchestra chair sat Mrs. Fairfax in her Quaker bonnet and drab shawl, and beside her Franklin, with a very different look upon his face than that it had worn the night before. And the astonished audience, all repressing smiles, affected neither of them in the least degree.

Ah! how all things changed at once! Doris saw everything through golden glass, and when she sang her little song she made it of so sweet a thing that some among the audience wept. Hannah Fairfax was one.

All Frank said when he came for her after the play was over was:

"Can you forgive me, darling? I never can forgive myself." And Doris was too happy to be cruel. But Mrs. Fairfax was more valuable than her grandson.

"Franklin is to blame, Doris," she said. "It is the way of the world's people to speak hastily and without consideration, but he is much concerned in consequence now that he knows the facts of the case, which are so creditable to thee. And that meeting which I attended seemed to me agreeable, and the Friends who had a call to speak uttered excellent sentiments, and the music was melodious. I can see no harm in it."

So they went home together and Doris heard the story Frank had to tell. Of how, attacked by desperadoes who stole his horse and his money and left him for dead, he was succored by natives, who carried him with them in the opposite direction from that in which his party was going. How, penniless as he was, he could not reject them for a long while, and how, when at last he found them, everything had gone wrong. Difficulties undreamed of had arisen and the whole party had returned.

"But still he has excellent prospects," Grandmother Fairfax remarked. "And I deem it advisable that thou shouldst marry him. Marriage is a holy state, and it is excellent to have a congenial life partner."

And so it came to pass that no public audience ever heard Doris sing her little song again, though she sings it often to her babies:

My love is home again,
My love is home again;
After all the weary waiting
My love is home again.

And it was a decided hit.

Every Saturday night she went home to the barn and slept in that quaint little shelter.

There was a good stove there now and the table was amply supplied, and the old lady's caps and kerchiefs were as tidy as ever.

They were very sad, it is true, but very fond of each other, and Doris felt glad of the duty that had fallen to her share; it was something to live for. And she did like acting, too, and the applause that followed her little song pleased her. And she hoped to go on and make more money, perhaps a little fame in a better part, and always care for Frank's grandmother—her grandmother now.

And with such innocent hopes as these, she played her innocent little part, until one night as she came out to sing her song, she was aware of a man who sat in the front row, whose eyes were fixed upon her face, whose own face was stern and angry. Her heart stood still, or seemed to do so. Then it beat furiously. The audience had begun to applaud, giving her what is called a "reception" on her entrance. But she knew nothing

for the moment but that the man sitting there before her was her betrothed husband, whom she had believed dead—was Franklin Fairfax in the flesh returned to her.

Her joy was so great that she nearly died of it, but even her brief experience on the stage had taught her that at that moment she belonged to the public, not to herself. She made one mighty effort and burst into the song:

My love is home again,
My love is home again;
After all the weary waiting
My love is home again.

All that she felt in meeting Frank, she put into that song. Her voice, her face, were full of feeling. She held out her arms to him involuntarily. The listeners thought it the art of the actress and the theater rang with their applause.

Only Frank sat stern and immovable, and as Doris ceased singing, arose, coldly turning his back to her, and walked down the aisle and out of the door.

It was only that he feared to make a scene before strangers, Doris thought. "Surely he will come behind the scenes to speak to me." She answered her encore, thinking that surely she should find him waiting for her when she came back, but instead there was a note. She went away by herself to read it, trembling now in every limb, and this is what she found written in pencil on a sheet of paper:

Doris—After experiences which probably would not interest you I return home impatient to meet you, believing you would rejoice to see me. Fearing you had had news that might alarm you, and finding that I could not reach home tonight, I came to this place to pass away an hour.

Fancy my emotions when I find that you have taken advantage of my absence to break my promise to me. Fancy what I felt when I saw you on the stage, singing in that wild and frenzied fashion, painted, bedizened, all that I most detest. You, my pure little daisy! My pearl, my snowdrop, as I used to call you. Well, it is all over. Goodbye, Doris. I shall go to see grandmother and be off again. I think there can be no sorrow greater than that I feel at this moment.

FRANKLIN MORTON.

Again and again Doris burst into tears in the cruel silence of the night in her lonely city boarding house.

Could she have dreamed that anything but joy could have come to her with the knowledge that Frank still lived. And now, alas! he seemed further from her than when she thought him dead. Even the love of the old grandmother would be lost, for she had never told her that she acted on the stage, but had led the old lady to believe that she taught at a school.

What was disgraceful in Frank's eyes would be ten times more so in hers. How could she go home on Sunday? Indeed, she was not needed. Frank would care for his grandmother, and she should never even know what had happened when Frank was missing. She had loved him so well. She would only have done what she had, knowing that he so seriously disapproved of it, for the sake of the dear old lady. And now while they were happy together she was thrust out into the outer darkness as a wicked thing, unworthy of their remembrance. Poor little Doris.

How long was the night in coming. How sadly she attired herself and went upon the stage when her call came. Her first lines were uttered. "Bless me, nobody here," with very little spirit. When a voice from the audience fell clearly upon her. "Yes, daughter, thee did not look in the right direction. I am here, and Franklin also." And there in an orchestra chair sat Mrs. Fairfax in her Quaker bonnet and drab shawl, and beside her Franklin, with a very different look upon his face than that it had worn the night before. And the astonished audience, all repressing smiles, affected neither of them in the least degree.

FAVORABLE COMMENTS.

His Grace the Archbishop Writes and Recommends It.

Reference has heretofore been made in the Witness to the magnificent work of Pere Didon. The following commendations coming from such authorities as the names subjoined to the following letters, show in what esteem the work is held among Catholic ecclesiastical dignitaries:

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE,
1122 Eddy Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1892.

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Pere Didon's "Life of Jesus Christ," and thank you for so valuable a work. A work on any subject coming from the hand of the eloquent and learned Father Didon would attract the attention of the Christian and the scholar, and be eagerly sought after. How much more one on the life of the founder of the Christian religion. I should wish to see it in the hands, not only of those who believe in the divine mission of the Saviour of the world, but of those who don't, that all may be brought to learn wisdom from his lips, and feel the truth of the saying of the Apostle: "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God abideth in him and he in God."

Sincerely yours,
P. W. RIORDAN.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH,
403 Twenty-fourth Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23, 1892.

DEAR SIRS—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your beautiful translation of the well-known "Life of Christ" by Pere Didon. The volumes reflect the highest credit on your firm for the excellent manner in which they are gotten up, and I hope that their circulation will be such as to justify you in embarking in similar enterprises. Your volumes should find a place—one of the most honored among books—in every Christian household.

Yours respectfully,
P. J. CASEY.

Pere Didon's great work bears the approval of the Censors and Master-General of the Dominican Order at Rome, and the original edition in the French language has already reached a sale of more than twenty editions. Not in many years has a similar book been published that has obtained such an extensive sale, or attracted more attention abroad, and been received by the foreign reviewers with more enthusiastic and most unstinted praise than Didon's Jesus Christ.

The present edition has been carefully edited by one of the ablest ecclesiastical writers of the Roman Catholic Church in America, Monsignor O'Reilly, and his Eminence the Cardinal has graciously esteemed the work of sufficient importance and value to contribute the introductory chapter.

No student of the holy bible, and of the life and character of our blessed Saviour, can afford to be without this graphically told story of that life and mission on earth. Every admirer of a purer literature will find in its pages matter for much thought and deep admiration for the subject and the author. His style is pure and elegant, at times really eloquent, and simple but exceedingly fascinating. The work of Pere Didon is commended to all—Catholics or Protestants—as being the most powerful and intensely interesting contribution to the ecclesiastical literature of the times.

The subscription department of the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes street, have secured the sole agency for the same.

A fine assortment of society badges can be found at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St. Repairing of Watches guaranteed.

J. F. HARRIS.

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Stationery, Newspapers, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, School books, Toys, etc.

Universal Pattern Agency.

Largest Circulating Library.

CLUFF & CO.

(Branch of Cluff Brothers.)

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Direct Importers of Teas and Fine Family Groceries. Wholesale and Retail.

Orders received, and goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley.

JACOB LEVY,

SUITS MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLE.

Good Fit Guaranteed.

All My Own Make

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We keep constantly on hand a very large assortment of French Mourning Cards. Prices, including printing on the back of the picture, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per hundred. Sample cards will be sent free on application.

Catholic Publishing Society.

113-115 Hayes St.

Gas Fitting, sanitary Plumbing or leaky-roof repairing orders will be promptly attended to at Ahlback and Kayser, 426 Hayes St.

Three Rooms, Beautifully Furnished, complete for house-keeping. Bath, gas stove, etc. Apply to Mrs. Goleman, 1418 Hyde street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE. COMMENCING SUNDAY, APR. 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30, A. M. 1:40, 2:40, 5:05, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:35, 10:05, 11:35, A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco

Week Days

Sundays

Destination

Arrive San Francisco

Week Days

Sundays

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. 8:50 A. 3:30 P. 9:30 A. 6:05 P. 10:30 A. 5:00 P. 5:00 P. 7:25 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Hopland and Ukiah. 7:25 P. 10:30 A. 3:30 P. 8:00 A. 6:05 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Sonoma and Glen Ellen. 10:40 A. 8:50 A. 3:30 P. 9:00 P. 6:05 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. 10:30 A. 3:30 P. 6:00 P. 6:05 P. 6:10 P.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Steward's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petaluma for Highland Springs, Kelseyville



No. 109.—A Biblical Acrostic.

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The inner vertical of nine represents a word which "may be a general term to denote any bright, sparkling gem." The upper horizontal of ten, "in modern mineralogy one of the varieties of agate." The second row, of six, a precious stone frequently mentioned in Scripture. It was the last of the twelve inserted in the high priest's breastplate, and the first of the twelve used in the foundations of the new Jerusalem. The third, of seven, that to which the rainbow around the throne is compared. The fourth, of four, concerning which precious stone there is much difference of opinion. The fifth, of seven, the stone which occupied the first place in the first row of the high priest's breastplate. The sixth, of four, a precious stone in Eden. The seventh, of seven, a red variety of zircon, sometimes called "hyacinth." The eighth, of four, was known from the earliest times. It is an emblem of purity and nobility. The ninth, of five, a jewel frequently mentioned in the New Testament. All but two of the gems in our acrostic are mentioned in connection with the New Jerusalem.

No. 110.—The Carpenter's Lament.

My — are all rusty, no work I've to do,
It's quite — to be seen I'm in want;
I can't pay for my — and I haven't a —
Of bread, and my clothing is scant.
My landlady says I must — down the cash,
Or out of the house I must be sent;
This only — more to my troubles and grief,
That's where the shoe pinches me so;
My teeth are kept active by biting my —,
It's so long since I — any meat;
Yet I — that times will better be soon,
And there will be work and plenty to eat.

No. 111.—Metagram.

I am a metal. Change my head, and I am brave. Again, and I am a place for animals. Again, and I am inanimate. Again, and I am revealed. Again, and I am to detain.

No. 112.—A One Line Puzzle.

START ROY FINISH

Make the the words "Rob Roy" with a line running directly through the center of each word, as in the diagram, without removing the pencil from the paper, or crossing line, or going over any line twice. In other words, the design is to be made in one continuous line.—Golden Days.

No. 113.—The Escape.

A king, a princess and a page were imprisoned in a tower. Outside their window, and within reach, but a hundred feet from the ground, was a pulley and running through the pulley was a rope, with a basket at each end. When one basket was on the ground the other was at the window. The only way the baskets could be used was by placing a heavier weight in one basket than in the other; i. e., a person in either basket could not be helped by the other prisoners, nor help himself by means of the rope.

The weight in the descending basket could not exceed that in the ascending basket by more than fifteen pounds without causing the rapidity of the descent to be dangerous to life.

The king weighed 195 pounds; the princess, 105 pounds, and the page, 90 pounds. Also a chain was found in the tower weighing 75 pounds. Only one person and the chain could be held by the same basket at the same time.

How did the prisoners manage to escape?

No. 114.—Decapitations.

1. I am increasing in size. Behead me, and I am an aquatic exercise. Behead me again, and I am a bird. Behead me again, and I am a bird. Behead me again, and I am an affix. Curtail me, and I am a preposition.

2. I am a species of grain. Behead me, and I am to inflame. Behead me again, and I am to feed. Behead me again, and I am a preposition.

Riddles Solved.

If you stumble over your new mat in the passage, what science are you shown to have neglected? Pneumatics.

Why would an owl be offended if you called him a pheasant? Because you would be making game of him.

Why are seeds after being sown like gateposts? Because they are planted in the earth in order to prop-a-gate.

When are ladies in winter like old kettles? When they are very much furred? What fraction is it desirable to have always predominate? Satisfaction.

Why is ambition like a weathercock? Because it is a vain and glittering thing to aspire to.

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Tre-mendous.

Why do fishermen possess extraordinary medical powers? Because they cure dead fish.

What things increase the more you contract them? Debts.

What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles.

A Strange Transformation.

An old woman in a red cloak was crossing a field in which a goat was feeding. What strange transformation suddenly took place? The goat turned to butt her, and the woman became a "scarlet runner."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 104.—A Hidden Proverb: Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

No. 105.—Illustrated Double Acrostic: Primals, Stephen; finals, Decatur. Cross-words: 1. Squid. 2. Thistle. 3. Epic. 4. Pagoda. 5. Helmet. 6. Emu. 7. Number.

No. 106.—A Boy's Choice: 1. Carpenter. 2. Baker. 3. Printer. 4. Mason. 5. Architect. 6. Merchant. 7. Blacksmith.

No. 107.—Riddle-Me-Ree: Garnet.

No. 108.—The Puzzler's Alphabet: L (ell), B (bee), T (tea), O (oh), Y (why), D (dee), J (jay), P (pea), G (gee), Q (cue), C (sea), R (ah), A (aye), I (eye), M (em), U (you), W (double you).

WHIP AND SPUR.

The Twin City Jockey club expects to give a meeting of twenty-two days this year.

It is stated that Direct has never made a break in any of his races since George Starr began the campaign.

All the seven wonderful sons of Electioneer have come out of Marvin's hands from the kindergarten to the end.

Sunol's harness weighed six pounds, and she pulled a forty-six pound sulky and a 156 pound driver when she trotted in 2:08 1/4.

There are eighty mares by Electioneer at Palo Alto that have never been worked, but which are to be devoted to breeding purposes.

Australian papers state that \$100,000 has been refused for the Australian stallion Nordenfett, winner of the Victoria and Australian Derbys in 1885.

Beautiful Bells, the great Palo Alto mares, is the only brood mare that ever produced a yearling, 2-year-old, 3-year-old and 4-year-old trotter with records of 2:30 or better.

The wonderful little bay filly Frou Frou, by Sidney, who tied the yearling record of Bell Bird, 2:36 1/4, stands about fifteen hands high and weighs, it is said, less than 650 pounds.

Mike Dwyer's great horse Longstreet is almost a hopeless cripple. The bowed tendon for which he was fired is worse than ever. Phil Dwyer thinks that Longstreet will never race again.

A turf writer declares that a trotter is worth just what he can earn on the turf or what he is worth to drive on the road, and when the wind is worked out of the boom these two facts will determine values.

Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, who owns Nancy Hanks, 2:09, is willing to trot her a match against Sunol, 2:08 1/4, next summer, the gate receipts at the race to be given to such charities as Messrs. Forbes and Bonner may agree upon.

Direct's way of going is the most remarkable thing about him. It seems to be a smooth, frictionless glide. He does not move his body or head, and when at his greatest flights of speed looks as if he actually floated through the air.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

The Toledo and Ohio, the Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati and the Kanawha and Michigan roads have entered into a traffic agreement under the name of the Ohio Central line.

Rapid progress is reported on the tunnel at Niagara falls. The work is about three-quarters finished, and it is expected that Buffalo will be using electric power from the falls by July next.

Five of the conductors on the Pittsburgh and Erie division of the Pennsylvania railroad are named McDowell and are all brothers. There are also on the line five engineers named Fitzmaurice, all brothers.

The Toledo, St. Paul and Kansas City is getting its affairs in such shape as to take the position of a first class road between Toledo and St. Louis, running fine parlor cars on its day trains as well as Pullman cars on its night trains.

The Wisconsin Central line has broken the record of fast runs between Chicago and St. Paul. A special train carrying a theatrical party made the distance, 474 miles, in ten hours and twenty-eight minutes. This is considered good running.

The Great Northern has contracted for the last 200 miles of its Pacific coast extension, to be completed within a year. The Columbia river will be crossed at Wenatchee, where a bridge 3,300 feet long will be built at a cost of \$500,000 and just east of that point a tunnel 8,000 feet long will be constructed.

As the Pennsylvania company now runs its fastest trains via Dayton and Xenia, Superintendent Darlington, of the Indianapolis division, is disposed to make a record of moving freights at high speed. One of the fast freights last week ran 114 miles in four hours, and another 109 miles in twelve minutes less than four hours.

The Empire State express, lately established by the New York Central between New York and Buffalo, was supposed to be a long jump ahead of all competitors, but that company intends to do still better during the World's fair, when it proposes to run a train from New York to Chicago every hour, carrying the United States mail.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

Du Maurier, the London artist, is blind in one eye.

To win a wager with a lady Sir Edwin Arnold climbed 13,000 feet to the top of Fuji yama, in Japan, and wrote on the edge of its crater a poem of ninety-two lines.

The sculptor H. J. Ellicott, of Philadelphia, is working on the equestrian statue of McClellan for the square in front of the public building. Horse and rider are to be of bronze.

Millie, Rosa Bonheur has presented a picture to the society of artists. The picture is almost the only one of importance painted by the great artist that does not belong to a private gallery or a national museum.

The Mormon leaders in Salt Lake City propose to raise by popular subscription a fund of not less than \$25,000, for the purpose of erecting a statue of Brigham Young in bronze. The sculptor selected to make the design is C. E. Dallin, a native artist.

Bob Burdette, the humorist, who is described as a "fat and jolly little man, with a twinkling little eye," lives nowadays in Ardmore, one of the pretty suburbs of Philadelphia. He is forty-seven years old, and has spent twenty-two years of his life in attempting to amuse the public.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Yellow pond lilies make delightful preserves.

The flowers of the abutilon esculentum are commonly used as a vegetable in Brazil.

The experiment of grafting pumpkins and watermelons upon peanut vines and growing their crops at will has been successfully tried in California.

The famous Winchester elm, in Boston, recently stood down, was standing full grown in 1660. The last treaty with the Indians was signed under it, and it was the last of New England's historic elms.

It takes a long time for the coconut tree to attain its full condition of bearing—seven years—but when this time has passed it is a mine of wealth, and happy is he who can call a plantation of 100 acres his own.

The three colors, red, blue and yellow, never appear in the same species of flower; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family—as pansies, for instance—but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

Is for sale everywhere, and has since 1869 been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD

Its quality has never been changed since we first made it. We ask every woman using it to save all the *Outside Wrappers*, and donate them to her favorite Religious or Charitable Institution, no matter what denomination, anywhere in the United States, as we have promised to pay these institutions cash, for all the *Outside Wrappers* of our soap, they will collect and send to us. This will give needed financial assistance to worthy charities at no expense to you. We propose to thus donate, at least one hundred thousand dollars a year. Among hundreds of worthy institutions are all the "Little Sisters of the Poor," Orphan Asylums, Sisters of Charity, Hospitals, etc.

The Housekeeper will find on a trial, according to directions, that the washing does not require HALF THE QUANTITY OF DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP that it does of any other; that there is a great saving of time and labor in its use; that it saves wear and tear of the clothes on the washboard, and does not cut or rot them to pieces, or hurt the hands as adulterated soaps do.

IT DISINFECTS CLOTHES WASHED WITH IT, Having them thoroughly cleansed and sweet, instead of leaving a foul odor of rosin and grease.

It washes flannels without shrinking, leaving them soft and nice.

Respectfully

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.

Manufacturers Dobbins' Electric Soap,

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Undivided Profits, - -	17,873.18

Interest per annum 5.52% on TERM deposits for last two years; 4.50% on ORDINARY deposits. INTEREST is credited twice a year, and if not withdrawn bears interest the same as the principal, thus compounding semi-annually.

Children and Married Women may deposit money subject to their own order.

A special feature of the People's Home Savings Bank, is the Safe Deposit Vault; the strongest without exception on the coast; easy of access, being on the ground floor of the Bank; brilliantly lighted with arc and incandescent lights and secure and convenient for the inspection of valuables.

Individual Steel Safes, inside the Vault, may be secured at rental of from \$4.00 to \$25.00 per annum. The safe is large enough for your insurance policies, your Will, Stocks, Bonds, a good deal of coin and quite a supply of jewelry.

Rooms are furnished the depositors for the private inspection of valuables, where they can lock themselves in from all intrusion.

Down stairs are absolutely fire-proof and burglar-proof vaults with capacity for storing amounts of silverware, trunks and boxes containing furs, lace, clothing and other valuables.

THE new 5-cent Stamp Deposit System of the PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK, is proving a marked success here as well as in England and Germany.

It is doing wonders in encouraging small savings and in pleasantly inculcating in youthful minds valuable lessons of thrift and economy.

THE Stamps and all information may be had from our Agents or on application at the bank.

In addition to the five cent stamp deposit system for small savings, the People's Home Savings Bank is now ready to supply the holder with beautiful, nickel plated safes to be used as a receptacle for savings at home.

The accompanying Cut is a perfect representation of one of these safes. It is 4 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 high, and 4 1/2 inches deep. A slot in the top large enough for a dollar or a double eagle receives the coin. The safe is strong; it cannot be broken into by any ordinary method, nor owing to a patent arrangement, can the coin be shaken out of it.

The People's Home Savings Bank retains the key of these safes and one month, or oftener if the holder amounts to a dollar or more, the holder takes the safe to the bank, where it is unlocked in his or her presence, the money counted and placed as a deposit to his or her credit, when it begins at once to draw interest.

Any reputable person can have the use of one of these safes, free of charge, by leaving a deposit of \$1.00 as security for its safe keeping. The dollar will draw interest like any other deposit, and will be returned with interest when the safe is surrendered to the bank in good condition.

Call at once and gladden the hearts of your little folks by securing one of these useful and ornamental household savings banks. They can also be had at the Pacific Bank corner Pine and Sansome street.

R. O. Carr, Manager and Sec'y, Columbus Waterhouse, President.

Interest Works while you Sleep.

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Big Bargains in Hats, Feathers, Flowers, etc.

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Charles Fisher & Co.

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Bridges and Crown Work a Specialty

Plates, \$5.00 up. Bridge Work, \$5.00 up

Gold Fillings, \$2.00 up. Platina and Gold, \$1.50. Silver, 1.00.

Bone. 50 cts.

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S. ANDERSON.

(Formerly with McGovern & Cahill.)

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New Goods. Lowest Prices.

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Fashionable Dressmaker.

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Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Executed.

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HORA FUGIT.

The fleeting hours, with rapid tread,
Make dust which, like a heavy mist,
Enshrouds the past; shades of the dead
Peer through, to tear its folds entwist.
Uncertain hands then fade and fall,
Time's dust, their sad funeral pall,
Sifts slowly down and buries all.
—Robert Murray Parnelee in Homemaker.

THE LOST SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert the Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the high steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish of small and rather backward farms.

Of late years coal has been found there, and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district, which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hoddie and gray and had but two subjects of interest—the corn market and the kirk session. Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood in her own esteem above all but the laird and the minister, and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself, not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland; not on her grown up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad; not on her own thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the "tight screw" principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons.

Her account of them was that they had belonged to the young chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half obliterated crest and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill doing laird for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and bestowed them on his granddaughter as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided in the capacity of "help" one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred and caused her to give way: About the haymaking time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea one evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up.

While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth pot boiling on the fire and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot stick, and muttered "Very thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farmhouse a mile off and the family had been driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whitening and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner, was searched, but to no purpose: the spoons had disappeared and the state of the farmhouse may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon

as the rain abated, to inform the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gypsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson. He had not been spied from the hay field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he avoided Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance.

Lost the spoons were beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirkgate and market place, and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month had worn away and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and had left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands.

It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character, but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation, and he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true. Yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation.

With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and if possible clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased to have the minister and his elders come to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best mutton—'nat is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the ministers, elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by until their turn came; when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift of hearin', and, what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye," and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ae day, and seen the siller unguarded I thought some ill guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenne'd Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year, and it is said there was peace ever after in the farmhouse; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretense than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.—Romance.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

An Animal of the Cat Family Which Is Used by Hunters in the Chase.

The cheetah or hunting leopard is very widely distributed over Africa, India or Persia. It belongs to the feline family, but differs from the rest of that family in having longer and narrower feet and greater length of limb. It is not so handsome as the common leopard, but is much



more intelligent and docile, allowing itself to be handled and instructed in the art of hunting deer. This animal has long been domesticated in Persia and India, where packs of them are kept by native princes and employed in the chase. The manner of hunting with the cheetah is as follows:

The hunters, having first carefully covered the head of the cheetah with a leather hood, set out in a light cart drawn by a horse, proceeding very cautiously till the game is discovered. The hood is then taken off the cheetah, when the animal begins to creep stealthily toward the unsuspecting herd, taking advantage of every brush or hillock to hide his approach. Whenever the deer show alarm, the cheetah is among them in a moment, strikes down his victim with one blow of his paw, instantly tears open its throat and begins to suck the blood. At this time it is difficult to withdraw him from his prey, which is generally done by offering him some tempting morsel of food. If unsuccessful in his first bound, the cheetah does not attempt to follow the herd by running, but he creeps slowly back to the hunters, as though ashamed of his failure. In a domestic state the cheetah loves attention, purring like a cat and apparently feeling affection for those who show it any kindness.

A Frolic of the Winds.

Four little winds, a merry band,
Broke out from school one day,
To search for that delightful land
Where nothing is but play.

They swept along in noisy rout
Through street and leafy lane,
Hats, cloaks, umbrellas inside out
All following in their train.

With sudden gusts they gave rude shocks
To steady going people,
And ran away with weathercocks
From every village steeple.

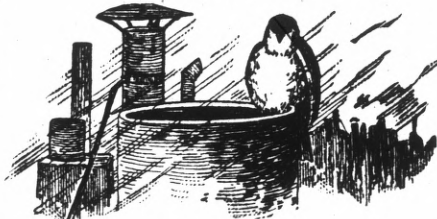
But vain it was that fast they flew
O'er meadow, hill and stream;
The wondrous land this merry crew
Were chasing was a dream!

Then home they sped at close of day
And one and all declared
If they had not inquired the way
They better would have fared.

A Pretty Little Story.

Golden Days tells a little tale of children's affection shown in a very striking and unusual way: "Two small boys signalled a street car, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude, the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that, at frequent intervals, the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances, the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched the pantomime in silence for a few blocks, and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was. 'My brother,' was the prompt reply. 'Why does he not ride with you in the car?' was the next question. 'Cause he hasn't any money,' answered the lame boy sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides."

What Did He Hear?



A birdie sat on a chimney pot
And listened as if he could hear and know
What was going on in the house below.
Perhaps he could, but he wouldn't say,
For when I asked him he flew away.

A Lively House Game.

A game which will give a good deal of fun is described by the Detroit Tribune: "One of the company becomes postman and is given pencil and paper. The others take seats in chairs arranged in a circle. The postman then goes to each of the company, giving each one the name of some city or town, which he notes on the paper. He then announces, for instance, 'My letter is going between Boston and Chicago.' Immediately the names are mentioned, the persons representing those cities must change places, the postman at the same time endeavoring to get a seat. If he succeeds, the person losing becomes postman, and announces letters going between New York and San Francisco, Lowell and New Orleans, and other places, the persons named changing seats every time. Failure to answer to names involves a forfeit. Should the postman say, 'I have letters to go all over the country,' every person in the room must rise and change seats, and in the scramble the postman is pretty sure to get a seat. Any one failing to change must pay a forfeit. Many laughable scenes are sure to occur."

A Little Girl's Definition.

Some pupils were asked by an examiner at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl held up her hand, and being told to answer the question she replied, "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes telling of it everywhere."

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Luck and Pluck.

There was once a tiger that crept close to an old woman's house to get away from the rain. He heard her sighing about the water that came through the leaky roof, and saying to herself: "Oh, dear, a tiger or a lion would not scare me so much as this eternal dripping."

"Why, thought the tiger, 'how terrible this eternal dripping must be, if it is worse than I am, or worse than a lion,' and hearing her drag the turnstone about to get it out of the wet, he said: "That must be the eternal dripping indeed, it has an awful sound."

Now a potter was looking for his donkey which had run away, and seeing by the light of a flash of lightning the huge beast standing by the old woman's house, he thought it was his donkey, and sprang on the tiger's back and beat him furiously. "Ah, said the tiger, 'this must be the eternal dripping; how it does hurt!'" So through fear he galloped away to the potter's house and let himself be tied to a post.

The next day everybody ran to see the tiger standing meekly before the potter's door tied to a post. The news came to the prince's ears and he said: "We will make this brave man a lord." So he gave the potter houses and gold, and made him a lord and the commander of ten thousand soldiers.

Now another Rajah (Indian prince) picked a quarrel with this prince and led a great army to the borders of the country. The people were in despair till some one said: "A man who can tie a tiger to a post must be very clever; make the potter general."

"True," said the prince; so he put the army under the potter's command and made him general in chief.

"Sire," said the potter, "let me go first to the enemy's camp and see how strong and fierce they are." And then he went home to his wife and said: "What shall I do, dear wife? They have made me general and I must ride at the head of the troops and you know I shall fall off the horse. I am to go alone to see the enemy's camp first; now get me a quiet pony or I shall surely be killed."

But sad to tell, the prince sent a fine horse to the potter asking him to use it on his journey. "Alas, wife," he said, "I cannot use that nice, quiet pony now for I must ride on the prince's horse and I shall certainly tumble off."

"Oh, no," she replied, "I will tie you tight to the horse and you can go by night and no one will know that you are tied on."

So after dark this excellent woman led the horse to the door. "Ah, me!" cried the potter, "I can never get up, the saddle is so high."

"Jump," she said. So he jumped again and again, but fell down each time.

"I always forget how to turn when I jump," he said.

"Turn your face to the horse's head," she advised. "Ah yes, to be sure," said the potter and jumped again. This time he bounced into the saddle, but with his face to the horse's tail.

"That will never do," said his wife, "Get on without jumping." So, by dint of holding the stirrup and guiding his foot and shoving him up she got him seated at last and in good time for the horse was getting more restless every minute. Then she took a strong rope and bound him firmly in the saddle.

Now when the horse felt the rope dangling around his legs he set off full tilt over meadow and ditch, over hill and dale, straight for the enemy's camp. The potter would not have liked his ride on any road, but when he saw what direction the horse was taking he was half dead with fear and making one last effort to free himself he seized hold of a young banyan tree in the vain hope that it would pull him off the horse. But the creature was going at full speed and the tree grew loosely in the soil, so that it came up by the roots and the potter drew nearer and nearer to the camp, holding the tree in his hand.

"Look!" cried the soldiers seeing him approach, "this is one of the vanguard of the enemy. He is a giant and he tears up the very trees as he rushes through the country. Alas! if the others are like him we are dead men." So they ran to their Rajah, crying: "Here comes the enemy, sire. They are giants mounted on huge horses and they tear up the trees in their rage. We can fight with men, but not with monsters." So the whole army was seized with panic and fled from the camp after they had made their Rajah write a letter saying that after all he did not mean to fight and preferred peace to war.

Just as the potter's horse galloped into the camp the ropes broke, the potter fell bang upon the ground and the horse stood still with surprise. Then the potter rose and, looking about the empty camp, found the Rajah's letter to his own prince and set off towards home leading his horse. His wife ran out to meet him full of joy at his safe return.

"Ah, wife," he cried, "send a messenger with this letter to the prince and send the horse back also. His majesty will see by the horses looks how hard I have ridden and I can walk to the palace." So the next day he went on foot to see the prince and the people said: "This hero is as modest as he is brave. See him walking quietly to the palace door instead of coming in state." And the Rajah met him on the steps, and treated him with honor and loaded him with riches and titles. Terms of peace were concluded between the two nations, and the potter lived happily all the days of his life, revered as the protector of his country.

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